THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1881. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 21.

THE RUINED PALACE.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

Broken are the Palace windows,
Rotting is the Palace floor,
The damp wind lifts the arras
And swings the creaking door;
But it only startles the white owl
From his perch on a monarch's throne,
And the rat that was gnawing the harp strings
A Queen once played upon.

Dare you linger here at midnight
Alone, when the wind is about,
And the bat, and the newt, and the viper,
And the creeping things come out?
Beware of these ghostly chambers!
Search not what my heart hath been,
Lest you find a phantom sitting
Where once there sat a Queen.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

"DON'T cut your throat in that foolish manner," he entreated. "Let me telegraph at once that it was a mistake. It may be undone yet."

"I do not wish it undone." Tempest said quietly.

"My dear boy," Sir James urged, "take my advice. You are hardly in a state of health or spirits just now to see things for yourself. I have a genuine interest in you—believe me—both for my boy's sake and for your own."

"You have proved it, Sir James," Tempest roused himself to say gratefully.

"My dear fellow, I feel for you as if I were your"—Sir James checked himself as he was on the point of uttering the dangerous word "father"—"as if I were in your place," he substituted. "Your position just now wants nothing but a little decision and—and pluck, if I may say so; but it wants both. I should not be your friend, my dear fellow, if I did not try to impress upon you that a good deal depends upon your first moves. It is the old story of the first step which tells, you know."

Tempest was silent.

"Go back to your regiment and take your stand as if nothing happened," Sir James went on.

"Something has happened," Tempest answered slowly. His hat was pulled down over his face, and Sir James could not see its expression.

"Something has happened," the young fellow repeated—"something which makes me care little enough what happens next."

"That's just what you mustn't do. Bless my soul," exclaimed the Baronet, "if you were not knocked down by your illness, you would snap your fingers at the whole thing; it would never have troubled you for a single instant, as it has never troubled one of your friends. Tut, tut, man! You are weak, you are morbid—just in the state to exaggerate things and to distort them too. A healthy mind in a healthy body—that's all you want.

"In the meantime you must let your friends—whose minds for the moment are healthy—see straight for you."

Tempest Mervyn answered nothing in words. He pushed back his hat, showing a white face, pale compressed lips, and eyes which Sir James did not like the look of—they were so like the eyes of a hunted animal at bay. As he raised himself to a sitting posture, he drew from under his arm a crumpled newspaper, smoothed it out, and held it towards his warm-hearted partisan.

"Hey, what's this?" cried Sir James, touching the paper gingerly, as if it were a lighted match. "Oh—ah, the *Agitator!* Hum"—reading—"I see—a ranting, radical tirade, not worth reading! These penny-a-liners are only looking out for a sensation to fill their columns. No dirt is too dirty to throw at one of us—it pleases the million. Do you suppose that a single sensible man, or woman either reads or cares twopence for such twaddle as that?"

Tempest replied by drawing forth another paper of a higher class and pointing out an article even more stately bent on proving him to have been guilty of the terrible crime which had just occupied the public attention. Sir James changed color.

"There will always be a dozen opinions in matters not proved beyond the possibility of a doubt," said he. "All the more need for you to exert yourself and scotch the snake at once. Come, Lord Carby is an old friend of mine; let me go up by the next train and see him. He has unlimited influence at the Horse Guards. Your resignation shall be suppressed before it reaches the higher authorities. Come, say the word!"

"I cannot say it," Tempest replied, sinking back to his old position. "I have done with the Army, with life—with everything. What is the use?"

There was a concentrated despair in his voice which silenced Sir James. He turned on his heel and walked away.

"Poor fellow!" was all he said. "I've half a mind to run up and see Lord Carby all the same, and talk it out with Mervyn at a better opportunity."

Christal stitched on without lifting her head.

Tempest lay back, drawing his breath in hard gasps.

The two were alone,

Up from "the ladies' garden" below came wafts of perfume, the sweet breath of summer flowers born upon the soft breeze.

Save the labored breathing of the young man and the musical rustle and murmur of summer life in the lambent air, there was no sound.

Presently Christal laid down her work and sat looking over at her patient with eyes full of an infinite pity, a tender sympathy, a something which always made Christie Melville's eyes go straight to the heart she meant to touch.

Tempest looked up and yielded on the instant, as better men had yielded before him, to that irresistible influence.

He burst out with a vehemency which would have startled a less composed person than the young lady-nurse.

"Good Heaven," he cried, "what have I done that Fate should be so down upon me? Why was I born? Why can't I die? Sir James—you all make the best of it; you try to cover it up and smooth it over. You mean it kindly, I know," he added in a softer tone; "but those"—pointing to the newspapers—"these are no partial friends. They do not mince matters or choose terms. They help me to look it in the face; and I do."

Christal's velvet eyes deepened and glowed; her soft hand just touched the quivering fingers.

"Yes," she said, "it is hard and cruel: but it is not so bad as you are feeling it just now. It is a dark cloud, but after a little you will see the sun through it, as we all see it now for you. You are not strong yet however, and you are not able to rise above the gloom."

"Can I ever rise above it?"

"Yes, you can," Christal answered firmly, "and you will. Have patience and—and courage. Your friends believe in you; half the world besides—more than half—believes in you. Believe in yourself. Some day the proof will come. I am a firm believer in the doctrine that all such dark deeds come to light in the end. In the meantime show a bold front; live it down."

"What," said he hoarsely—"Miss Melville, what if my friends are wrong, what if my partisans are decided—if I am the guilty wretch those"—pointing to the newspapers—"say of me?"

He had withdrawn his hand from her touch; his eyes searched hers looking for the horror, the aversion his words might produce.

But there was no change in the tender sympathetic glance, no tinge of startled color in the snow-white cheeks. He had failed to make her understand, he thought.

"You believe in me," he said desperately "all of you, because you think me a monomaniac, a poor half-crazy fellow, dazed by that knock on my head; but what if the proof you are so confident of should show that I—I and no other—did this horrible thing?"

"You did not do it," she answered steadily.

"But what if I did?" he persisted.

"Then," she said, "it was not with the consent of your own will. It was an accident—a misadventure; it was not you all the same."

Her eyes, unchanged in their steadfast softness, looked still into his.

"I declare to you, Miss Melville," he said solemnly, "that I believe I did it. I have thought of it day and night. I have tried to prove myself innocent. I cannot. I feel the brand of Cain burning—burning into my heart and brain. I know that if I had sat on that jury I could not have acquitted myself. Do you wonder that I cannot go back to my regiment—that I cannot take up my old life again? And I cannot die?" he added despairingly. "Why did you not let me die? Why did you let me wake up again to this hell upon earth? Yours was cruel kindness, Miss Melville. Don't you see it now?"

A fiery spot burnt upon each of his white cheeks; his wasted hands trembled amongst the papers before him. Christal's soft voice dropped like healing balm upon the wild tempest of his despair.

"Let us say the worst of you that you can say of yourself," she said, "that in a moment of madness, when you were not yourself—in some struggle perhaps, when you were scarcely responsible—this dreadful thing happened—a thing against all your nature, which your horror and suffering now prove to have been unintentional, unpremeditated—well, then——"

"Then?" he echoed breathlessly, hanging upon her words as if they were his final sentence.

"Then," she said, dropping her voice and her eyes together, "there are those who love you and acquit you."

His heart beat strangely, his excitement calmed all at once, his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper.

"There are those who loved me—there is one whom I once believed loved me," he said, "who has not acquitted me."

It was Christal's heart which beat now as that calm organ had never beat before.

Was he on the verge of a confession, of the explanation of that murmured "Estelle" which had been so often on the lips of her unconscious patient jarring as it did so harshly on her ears?

"Tell me," Tempest went on, impelled by that craving for sympathy and council which comes to the most reticent when overwrought and broken-down—"tell me what you would have done if the man who—well, who loved you, and whose love you had accepted, stood where I stand now?"

"I?" she asked. "I should have gone to him on the instant, if it had been possible, to stand by his side and bear the worst that could come through my doing so."

Her eyes glowed with a deep intense light, her voice trembled; there was a fire, a reality in her emotion which sent a thrill through the young fellow.

"You would not have shrunk away from him; you would not have hesitated to link your name with his, dishonored and disgraced? Oh, think again, Miss Melville! Would your love have stood this test?"

"Yes," she said briefly and emphatically; "it would have rejoiced at such a test."

"And—are all women like you? Forgive me; but I know very little about them. I never had a sister; my mother died when I was still a boy. I am curious about—about other women," he said, shading his face with his hand as he spoke.

"I think," she answered, "that all true women would feel as I feel, think as I think. If 'a brother is born for adversity,' how much more would that other love be stronger and braver when it was first needed?"

Fœna had her own reasons for wishing Christal safely entangled in some real attachment which might modify her views on general "human interest," and reduce them to a narrower range.

Fœna had already suffered from the application of Christal's philanthropic principles.

Tempest Mervyn's whole heart meanwhile had opened to the magic of Christal's skilful touch.

"You are a true friend," he said to her. "You would always be a true and real friend," he added quite enthusiastically, with more warmth than had seemed to be left in him an hour or two before.

"Will you let me be yours? Will you let me help you as a friend can?" she asked gently.

"Thank you," he responded fervently. "It is too good for a poor unlucky wretch like me to own the friendship of such a woman as you. I can hardly believe it; everything seems to have gone so wrong with me lately."

"When things are at their worst, they usually begin to mend," she remarked.

"It is too late for the turn to do me any good," he answered, with a little return to his moody vein. "Miss Melville, I am like a man who has been shipwrecked and lost everything—everything," he repeated.

"Perhaps you have not lost all," she said softly, but with an emphasis which made him start, "or perhaps it may all come back again."

"There are things," he answered in the same strain, "which, being much damaged or lost, can never be restored—a broken vase, for instance, the bloom of a flower, or—or our faith in others," he ended bitterly.

He was wondering if this brave Christal Melville, his friend who had not shrunk from the worst he had told her of himself, would have left him all those weary weeks without word or sign in his deepest time of trial as that fair young love of his whose confident parting words under the budding trees at St. Cloud were ringing in his ears now, had done.

How steadfastly she had spoken! How true and earnest she had looked! Every line of that clear fair face was written on his heart. And yet she had forsaken him after all!

This desertion was the bitterest sting in all the intolerable pain and humiliation he endured.

His great care had been to keep her name apart from the blight which had fallen on his; his first coherent thought had been to shield and guard her.

Never whilst a doubt of his innocence rested on his own mind or whilst the faintest shadow dimmed his reputation would he have claimed her promise or accepted her love. Those perhaps guilty hands of his should never touch hers.

He shrank with horror from the thought whilst he could not swear they were free from that terrible stain; and yet, with absolute inconsistency, he resented that she should have stood aloof from him.

He had given her every chance, he told himself; he had waited and counted the days, and hoped and calculated every possible contingency, and she had failed him.

It was this blow which had crushed him more than all the rest, this loss which had made it impossible for him to rally his forces again.

He was on the point of relapsing into bitter cynicism, into hard reckless disbelief in everything good and true, when Christal Melville came to the rescue and snatched him from the worst peril which had threatened him yet.

If another danger lurked in the rescue itself, Tempest was quite unconscious of it. He caught at the generous friendship offered him by this noble woman as a drowning man catches at a spar.

His heart was all sore and bleeding with the wounds of love, and the healing balm of friendship promised to bind them up and cure them.

A little while ago he had told himself bitterly that all women were shallow, fickle, false; now he believed in one woman again—and that woman was not Estelle Verney.

Sir James Armstrong came out on the terrace from his library as the two were passing presently on their way back to the house.

"Here is your letter to the Horse Guards," he said, holding it out to Mervyn. "I found it in the letter-bag—happily not gone—and I ventured to keep it back for the next post or for your better consideration."

Involuntarily Tempest's glance turned to Christal as he took the paper from Sir James' hand. Her eyes met his in an earnest appealing look.

"You did rightly. Thank you. I shall not send it now," he said, as he tore the letter across.

Sir James cried "Bravo!" in a delighted tone; Christal clapped her hands together in soft applause.

Mervyn felt as if something had come back to him which made life endurable again. He was no longer a social pariah, a forlorn outcast. Even sleepy Janet could see that evening that, as Feena expressed it, he was "wonderfully brisked up."

CHAPTER XI.

MONSIEUR DE GRANDVILLIER'S morning visit to Madame de Rougemont related to something much more important than the reclaiming of his emeralds.

It was then that he laid his proposals in form before madame for the hand of her beautiful niece.

Madame's head was almost turned by the magnificence of the offer—splendid settlements, liberal pin-money, a country-house; and with all these, as Monsieur le Duc declared, with hand on his heart, the life-long homage of a devoted husband.

If the only proposal had not come at such an unlucky moment!

Madame's full cup of triumph was threatened with a fatal slip ere it touched her lips.

She had not dared to make any objection, or to sprinkle the least drop of cold water on the ardor of the noble lover, when, at the close of the ball, he had requested an interview with her at an early hour on the following morning.

She could only trust to her own diplomacy to bring the matter safely through this untimely crisis.

After all, it was as well not to appear too eager.

A few little difficulties and delays would only stimulate Monsieur de Grandvilliers' eagerness and make him more anxious to secure the prize he coveted.

Madame lay awake all night arranging her plan of action; and, when she came to her appointment, she was heavy-eyed and pale enough to justify the excuse she made for postponing the further consideration of the Duke's proposals.

Bad news, the serious and alarming illness of a relative of her own in England, had reached her early this morning, she said, and she was obliged to take a journey immediately to arrange affairs in connection with her relative, whose death, should it unhappily occur, would place both Mademoiselle Verney and herself in mourning.

At such a crisis it would be impossible to advance further in a question of marriage than to thank Monsieur de Grandvilliers most sincerely for the honor he had done the family, and to assure him that his proposals could not fail to be received with approval by Mademoiselle Verney, when the time should come for communicating them to her.

"I shall have to hide myself, away somewhere for the next few weeks, and to give up all my engagements," madame thought to herself ruefully; "but it is the only thing to be done. We must gain time at all cost."

"Then, madame, I leave myself in your hands," Monsieur de Grandvilliers said as he bowed himself out of her presence.

"When you permit me, I shall fly to place myself at the feet of your charming niece, wherever she may be—to the end of the world if necessary—and shall hope to make myself and my proposals agree with her. In the meantime I may count on the influence of madame in my behalf, and in her advice, I trust, so that I may not fail in my suit for want of that knowledge of English etiquette and habits which may be essential to my success."

"Monsieur may rely on my co-operation," madame replied, "as soon as the journey which this unhappy news necessitates is accomplished and our anxiety over."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes. "Monsieur le Duc shall have the opportunity he desires of declaring himself. Mademoiselle cannot fail to be deeply penetrated by the consideration as well as the devotion of Monsieur."

Monsieur bowed lower than ever.

"May I venture," he said, "to leave a little souvenir with madame to remind her sometimes of my friendship for herself personally and of the nearer alliance which I hope to make with a lady I esteem so highly?"

Madame's eyes, well trained as they were could not help glittering when Monsieur de Grandvilliers laid the diamond riviere back on her escritoire.

If madame had not been on his side before, she could hardly fail to have been won by such a princely gift.

"Estelle must marry him—she shall!" she declared. "She would hardly be so mad as to refuse him. I will carry her off at once to the Italian lakes, amuse and divert her mind by a charming tour, and by degrees she will be ready and only too glad to forget all that wretched disgraceful affair.

"What a mercy it is that her name has never appeared in it—that nobody here knows there was any attachment! I may congratulate myself on my good management.

"Of course he will never dare to write to her or try to see her again. His not having done so up to this time proves his guilty consciousness—or, at least, I shall tell Estelle so. My door would be shut in his face—the wretch!—if he attempted to return here; and, as for letters—well, I stand in the place of the dear child's mother; it becomes my duty to guard as her own parents would have done had they been alive. I shall take care that not a line from him shall ever reach her to disturb her mind and keep up a perfectly useless and dangerous excitement. When we come up from the lakes, Monsieur de Grandvilliers can meet us at some pretty Swiss place where love and romance seem natural, and by that time Estelle will have got over all this dreadful business, and the Duke's proposals will begin to smile upon her. What a munificent creature he is!" madame ended enthusiastically, letting the diamond necklace flash over her white fingers as she caressed its glittering length lovingly. "And what a chance for an almost penniless girl like Estelle! He seems desperately in love. Oh, it would be a wicked, a mad thing to let him slip through our fingers!"

In the meantime Monsieur de Grandvilliers was being whirled through the Bois de Boulogne on his way back to Paris.

He was a man of the world—of the Parisian world too—accustomed to the polite fence and the subtly-veiled tact of society, and he knew quite well that there were impediments in the way of happiness.

He guessed that these impediments were on the side of the young lady's will.

He did not believe in the story of sudden illness which madame had told him: he imagined that it was convenient to her to gain time, and one excuse was as good as another as long as it looked reasonable.

"What does it matter?" said he, waving his white hands as he drove along. "Madame, the aunt, is my ally, that is evident: the adorable girl has perhaps some other lover who is young, whom she thinks she loves, and who is not a good match.

"She is young; she will get over it. I will wait with the discretion of an English bishop. I will leave myself in the hands of madame; she is a woman of resources, and I will win."

He smiled a dangerous, wicked smile, which would have frightened Estelle if she could have seen it, and he clenched his delicate hand until the diamond ring on the little finger left a deep dent in the white skin.

"I will win," he repeated. "My beautiful English maiden shall be mine—my own the loviest Duchess in France. Love? Bah! What is love when one is eighteen? A fancy, a trifle, a childish folly. One knows how to regret these things when one is older.

"Madame is wise," he laughed; "she will know how to dissipate such fancies, how to manage them. And I am not jealous—I. Au revoir"—kissing his hand in the direction of St. Cloud—"au revoir, and a good journey to you!"

Three or four hours later Madame Rougemont and Estelle, with Florine in attendance, were also on the road to Paris.

Estelle, fluttered, preoccupied, took no note of the route. It was sufficient for her that they arrived at the railway-station, that tickets were taken—for what point she had not remarked—and their journey towards England, as she believed, had begun. She never doubted their destination; her thoughts turned more than once to the goodness of her aunt in anticipating her dearest wish.

It was after some hours of traveling and late at night that they descended at a station which must surely be Calais. Madame gave some directions; they all entered a carriage.

"We shall have a fine crossing," Estelle remarked, looking up at the starlit sky with a clear moon shining serenely out of the deep blue depths.

Madame said nothing.

Presently the carriage stopped at the door of a hotel.

The proprietor came out, suave and smiling.

Madame inquired for rooms.

Estelle's heart sank.

Then they were not to cross that night; and her letter might be delayed—for, in the uncertainty as to Tempest's whereabouts, she had addressed him at his regiment. She followed her aunt into the hotel, quiet and disappointed.

"Dijon," somebody said in her hearing.

The word repeated itself in a strange manner to her half-listening ears. All at once she woke up.

"Where are we?" she asked sharply of Madame de Rougemont. "This is not—not Calais!"

"Calais!" madame echoed. "What on earth, my dear child, made you think of Calais? Ugh, the hateful little place! It is associated in my mind with dreary sea-sick voyages to England. I hope it may be a long time before I see Calais again."

"I thought," Estelle stammered; and then the full tide of her disappointment swept over her, and she burst into tears.

"We are at Dijon," madame said, in no way taken aback at this demonstration, she had expected "scenes," and what she called "trying times" at first—"on our way to the South. This horrid affair has quite upset me. We will go to the Italian lakes for a thorough change. It will be good for our nerves and spirits. Ah!"—shivering—"to think that we should—ever so remotely—have been mixed up with such a horror! Thank Heaven, our association with it is not known, and we shall get over it without being compromised! We will travel quietly, Macon to-morrow, and a little detour to see Geneva; we will stay there a few days, then through the Mont Cenis tunnel, and on to Pallanza first. This is an enchanting month for the lakes; they will be in all their spring beauty. Perhaps we may even get on to Florence—you would enjoy Florence. It would be too late for Rome; but Venice will be delightful a month hence—no mosquitoes yet, and pleasant weather. We will certainly see Venice; and then we will come up over the Brenner to Innsbruck, and make a delicious little excursion into Tyrol. It will be all new to you, and we shall have a charming time."

Madame talked very fast whilst the girl's tears flowed. She was anxious to avoid coming to the point.

Madame hated the fuss and flurry of a discussion, and she considered that an explanation was to be staved off at all hazards.

The tour she had sketched would, she hoped, attract Estelle and help to divert her attention.

It was a bore to leave Paris just now; but the season was drawing to a close, and the object to be gained was worth the sacrifice.

Madame consoled herself by the thought of her diamond necklace—the earnest and foretaste of so much future splendour and substantial advantage to herself as well as to Estelle.

Her energetic action had saved the scandal, as she believed; and a young inexperienced girl like Estelle would be easy to manage.

Madame could trust herself to accomplish her own designs all in good time, with such plastic materials too under her hands.

Estelle dried her tears presently. The swelling indignation in her heart helped her.

"She too is against him," she said. "How cruel and how stupid they all are!"

Her pride would not let her appeal further; she would not even take anything from Madame de Rougemont, who had been so ready to cast off Tempest, to draw up her skirts for fear they should be defiled by contact with this "horror," as she called it. Her letter had gone to him.

In a few days at farthest he would know that she loved him ten thousand times more for all the scorn and shame which madame and the rest had heaped upon him. She pictured him hastening to her—for it would be easy to trace her from St. Cloud—and she calmed herself with the thought. She could wait and be patient now that the assurance of her love and trust was on its way to him.

For one moment she had thought of the Wilmers. She would go to them, to England and so be nearer to him. But what if they too should be on the side of Tempest's enemies?

Somehow she shrank from telling these dear old friends, for the first time, all the story of her love with this terrible shadow in the background.

Ere long—soon—the world would know how wicked and false the whole thing had been.

Her lover would be triumphantly vindicated before them all, and then she might tell her secret to her dear old friends.

The old life, the old love, the safe happy shelter of her youth, all came back to her in a rush of remembrance and tenderness.

She felt herself out on the stormy ocean of life, beaten and tossed, alone and helpless.

Instinctively she recognized that it would be worse than useless to cry for help to her aunt at all events; and her proud, indignant young heart closed against any appeal to her.

Madame saw her pale, composed again, and thought that the worst was over.

"A few weeks of constant change of scene and diversion will dissipate all unfortunate memories and prepare the way for Monsieur de Grandvilliers," she said.

"In the meantime I will take care that nothing which can disturb her mind, shall reach her.

"We shall be safe enough at the lakes and in Tyrol; they are not like Paris, where any accident might happen at any moment to destroy all one's precautions. Not that I think that wretch would have the audacity to present himself to us; he has had the decency to efface himself so far, and he would hardly venture to appear in any society. Still one hardly knows what may happen, and it is well that we shall be out of the way.

"Dutertre will not give any address, and he will take care of letters if they should come," madame ended significantly.

She was roused and excited.

She had lived long enough in France and French society to have imbibed that spirit of intrigue which is so much a part of the true Frenchwoman.

She was enjoying herself immensely, with a plot of absorbing interest, risk, and jeopardies, and a whole web of stratagems and deceptions to manage and keep the thread of.

It was better than the most exciting romance of fiction; and madame played with the heart-strings of her hero, and heroine without any compunction, and with the most unscrupulous license of her own.

She felt more and more assured of final success when the days slipped into weeks and no word of the past came from the lips of the young girl.

Estelle grew paler, thinner, prouder, and more reserved under the weight of a silence which seemed sometimes as if it would break her heart. Through it all she held on to her trust.

"He is ill," she said. "He is not able to write or to come." or "He is searching out the man who committed the crime; he will not speak until he can come with the proof in his hand. As if I wanted proof! But he will be clear before the world, for my sake before he allows my name to be associated with his. And I honor him for the resolution; still, my love, my love"—here she would break down for a moment—"it is so long and so hard; and I am so hungry for one word—one dear word—to tell me they have not broken your heart!"

Whether she wandered through the dim old churches, amongst the glories of old Italian art, or floated down the Venetian canals, past grand Gothic palaces and strange silent streets, one thought was always present with her—one aching, wistful thought.

Every day's journey seemed to drift her farther and farther away from the hope of that meeting which was the centre and dream of all her life now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Number Two.

BY J. H. LUDLOW.

"THE way the crime was discovered," little boy Billy read aloud, "was somewhat curious. The landlord of a tavern at which the prisoner's child was in the habit of making daily purchases inquired how it happened that the money tendered was almost always invariably in the form of farthings. 'Where,' he asked, 'do you get all your farthings from?' 'Oh,' replied the child, 'father makes them!' The guilt thus brought home to him, the miserable wretch expiated his heinous crime upon the scaffold on Monday, the first of May."

"Goodness me!" cried Mrs. Gillesby, "what dreadful book is that the boy is reading?"

"I found it in papa's room, under the sofa-cushion," replied little boy Billy.

"That's like Goodenough!" cried Mrs. Gillesby, triumphantly, to her daughter-in-law, little boy Billy's mamma,—"that's like Goodenough's underhand ways! Under the sofa-cushion? That's Goodenough all over!"

Let us go into this Goodenough business seriously.

When, a matter of ten years previous to the date at which this narrative commences, Mrs. Gillesby accorded a much-sought-for but reluctant consent to a union destined—two of the parties at the time most interested vehemently protested—to be an everlasting happiness and joy, the good lady had used these memorable words:

"Goodenough," she had said, "you are not bright—no, you are not! You have no self-assertion, no spirit, no dash, no go! You have little or nothing that one looks for in the mental powers of man; but fortunately for yourself and this poor child, Rosaline, you have an independence, and need never be called upon for exertions which might be too much for you.

"With all your faults—and they are many, goodness knows—you are a gentleman! Yes, how strange are the dispositions of Providence!" Here she seemed to wander; then, recalling herself with a jerk, "Yes, you are at least a sort of gentleman!"

Now, upon my word, I do think this was an unkind way of putting matters to poor little Goodenough, and, accompanied, too, as were her words, by an emphasis impossible to reproduce in print, and a withering glance that must fairly baffle the ingenuity of the ablest artist on wood to deal with in simple black and white.

Poor little Goodenough! He was decidedly undersized; he was mean looking; he had straw-colored hair, no eyebrows, and what I have heard described as underdone eyes—pink, feeble, and flickering.

That kind of man of whom there are thousands about—who, thrust among a crowd of noisy, yelping mongrels, seem to feel it a duty they owe to their surroundings to apologize for their own existence—men and gentlemen, many of them, large-hearted, generous, brave, and courtly, and as a matter of fact, only nobody ever notices it.

"I shall employ our own solicitor, my dear," said Mrs. Gillesby, "to see that the deed of settlement is all that it ought to be; and when you are Mrs. Good—dear me, how I do object to that name!—Goodenough, then there!—do, pray, exert your influence to induce that unhappy man to buy boots that don't creak so!"

By the deed above referred to little Goodenough made a very handsome settlement upon his wife, which was to be her pin-money, to buy her clothes and any trifles she might desire, but to be in no way encroached upon to meet the household expenses.

Goodenough was to find the money for this, which he did in so satisfactory a manner for the first eighteen months that even

Mrs. Gillesby found little or nothing to complain of.

"If it were not for his everlasting diddle-daddling and molly-coddling all over the place!" said Mrs. Gillesby. "A man in his position ought to have a club, and go to it, and stop at it! A man ought not to be everlastingly at home, dangling to his wife's apron-strings."

It was presently put to Goodenough, more or less delicately, that he ought to join a club, and go to it, to pass a portion of his time.

The blow was rather a severe one when it fell.

Had Rosaline any hand in it? Did she want him away?

Never in his life before—for, though well off, he had always been a lonely, friendless little fellow, unless you reckon as his friends certain harpies and sponges who for a while had rollicked and made merry at his expense, slapped him boisterously on the back, borrowed money of him, and quarrelled with and cut him as soon as they found no money was to be had—never in his life till now had he been so happy as here at this newly-found home at No. 2, Daffydown Terrace, in the company of the girl-wife he loved and made an idol of; and after all, then, he had been a bore, and she would be happier with less of his company!

He found somewhere a friend who would put him up for the Dormouse, a highly respectable club round a corner out of Saint James's Street, with a dull look-out on the windowless side of a house, and a dusty, stifling boxed-up flavor about its rooms that were dear to its old-school members.

But to gain admittance to this stuffy paradise it was necessary for a candidate to wait three months; and those three months Goodenough, plainly seeing that he was not wanted at home, passed playing a kind of ignoble game of hide-and-seek, pretending he was at the club, but getting through the time the best way he could, at quiet places where it was unlikely he should be met with.

But he did not tell them why it was so, you may be sure; and he kept his secret at home all through the three months, and even longer, when at the end of that period of probation the Dormousers black-balled him.

No, he did not think it politic to mention the black-balling at home.

He thought, with a shudder, how Mrs. Gillesby would be down on him with her "Pretty gentleman you must be, too, to be black-balled! What have they found out about you?"

If the truth must be told, they had found out nothing about him.

One black-ball excluded a candidate, and there was one particular Dormouser who made it a practice to go down to the club whenever there was anybody put up, and black-ball him as a matter of course.

He happened at the time to be well enough, so he did it in this instance.

Therefore, as I have said, poor little Goodenough was yet a wanderer upon the face of the habitable globe, and went round like a perturbed spirit.

But he was with all this very, very miserable.

It seemed to him, too, that even when of a night he crept home, worn and weary from long and aimless loafing and loitering, that the welcome which was at best lukewarm, was often enough omitted altogether.

He was, in fact, a mere cipher and nonentity in the house, a useless piece of awkwardly-fashioned furniture there was no place for.

Once or twice he thought of running clean away, and also of committing suicide.

But there was a "home-tie" that bound him to his home, unhappy as it was.

About twenty months or so after their marriage, came an event, common enough, which necessitated a great increase in the household expenditure. The little Goodenough was sickly, and required careful nursing, also much medical attendance, also change of air.

Without encroaching on the settlement he had made on his wife, Papa Goodenough soon began to find it a matter of no small difficulty to make both ends meet, and keep things going at No. 2, Daffydown Terrace, North Brixton.

First of all, he began to economise in his own lunches, and walked instead of taking an omnibus. There was no hurry, he argued. But by these means he did not save much, and presently when the rent became due, and the tax-bills came pouring in incessantly, when he had nothing to meet them with, he began to feel very curious indeed.

About this time he met with a City friend who said, "What have you got your tin in, Goodenough?" And hearing it was in Government securities he cried, "That's a poor game, isn't it? Why don't you speculate?"

So Goodenough drew out a lump of his money, and speculated—and lost his money.

For some time after this, wan and wistful-faced, Goodenough made spectre-like visits to the City, and hung about, jostled by the crowd, feeling desperately down-hearted; and then he got into a way of dropping into the most frequented bars of public-houses, and sitting there drinking by himself.

This was a bad symptom, and might have led to ugly results, only upon one of these occasions an old friend he had not seen for years alighted on him, and cried, cheerily, "Why Goodenough old boy, what ails you?

* * * * * *

Mrs. Gillesby and, for that matter, I am sorry to say, pretty little Mrs. Goodenough also, had long ceased to take anything more than a passing interest in the nominal master of No. 2, Daffydown Terrace.

When he came home of an evening, they generally had some little surprise awaiting him, but it more frequently took the form of a bill or a demand for money than a nice bit at the dinner-table. One day, however, when Goodenough had been married about ten years, picking up Goodenough's coat, which had dropped off the peg in the hall, Mrs. Gillesby picked up a letter that had fallen from one of the pockets, and having nothing better to do at the time, she read it.

Then she gave a scream, and ran with it open in her hand to Rosaline.

"Oh, my dear child," cried Mrs. Gillesby, "this is dreadful! Prepare all your strength to bear this trial! Oh, dear me! Oh, the little villain!"

The note contained but few words:—

"DEAR G.,

"Your Young Lady is all right, and waiting for you.

"In haste, yours,

"JACK."

Rosaline straightway fell a weeping, and Mrs. Gillesby joined in.

"No wonder the bills are not paid!" sobbed Mrs Goodenough.

"And this is what he calls his club!" cried Mrs. Gillesby, though her tears.

Goodenough had been gone an hour.

Mrs. Gillesby rose with determination, and put on her bonnet.

"What are you going to do, maumma?" asked Rosaline.

"I'm going to this same club," said Mrs. Gillesby, "to see if it is even in existence."

It would have taken considerably less than even the proverbial feather to have floored Mrs. Gillesby when she heard that Mr. Goodenough was no more a member of the Dormousers than she was herself, and realized as a solemn fact that for upwards of nine years the miserable little man had been daily practicing a base deceit upon his unsuspecting family.

It would have been a bad business for Goodenough had he just then met Mrs. Gillesby in St. James's Street.

Mrs. Gillesby took the Brixton omnibus, and returned to No. 2, calm but resolute.

Goodenough was going to catch it.

Upon the threshold of the street door, however, she met a little old gentleman with snowy white hair, with drab gaiters upon broad-toed shoes.

"Is Mr. Goodenough at home?" he inquired of the servant.

"Mrs. Goodenough is sure to be," responded Mrs. Gillesby, "What name?"

"My name is Pinkerton," said the little old gentleman. "I should have liked to see Mr. Goodenough, but Mrs. Goodenough will do. I'm his uncle."

That Goodenough had an Uncle Pinkerton Mrs. Gillesby was perfectly well aware, and also that that uncle was very rich, and that he had for some reason never done anything to assist Goodenough through all his life. She pressed Uncle Pinkerton to step in.

"And how do you do, my dear?" asked Uncle Pinkerton, taking Rosaline's hand. "You look well!"

"Thank you!" said Rosaline, "I am very well."

"Dear me!" said uncle: "you've been fretting about something. Ah, I see!"

As he spoke, his eyes had fallen on the red ink on a taxpaper lying open on the table.

Rosaline burst into tears, and Mrs. Gillesby dabbed her own eyes with her pocket handkerchief rolled tight up in the shape of a ball. "Poor child!" cried mamma, "she had enough to make her miserable!"

"Is it money matters?" asked Uncle Pinkerton.

"Not that alone," replied Mrs. Gillesby, hysterically. "Oh, your nephew, sir, is a bad-hearted man. My child, he is not, and never has been, a Dormouse! He has deceived us for years."

"Bless me!" cried Uncle Pinkerton, rising to his feet. "I don't clearly understand. I came here with the intention of helping my nephew; but in this case——"

"Read for yourself," said Mrs. Gillesby.

And she passed him the letter.

"Well," said Uncle Pinkerton, "what of that?"

"What of that!" cried Mrs. Gillesby. "Why, you're as bad as he is. Don't you see? Your Young Lady is all right, and waiting for you."

"Well," said Uncle Pinkerton, "that's right enough. The Young Lady is the title of a monthly journal of fashions for the fair sex. It means he has got the berth of a publisher; and, by Jove! when I heard of it, I said to myself, 'There's something in the boy, after all. He doesn't like being idle, and doesn't turn up his nose at trade, in which his father and I, and our father before us, made our money.' And then I went down yesterday as ever was, and who should I see behind the counter, in his shirt-sleeves, working away like a slave—Lord, the sight did my old eyes good!—but my nephew himself. So I quietly slipped out without his noticing me, and made inquiries among the trade; and finding the paper was selling well, and might improve still further with better management, and also ascertaining that the copyright could be had at reasonable price, I determined to buy it for my nephew, and give him a fair start."

If ever in her life Mrs. Gillesby felt much surprised, rather ashamed, and considerably taken aback, it must have been just then.

"And who is the little boy in the corner? My nephew's eh? And what are you reading, my little man? Let me hear you read, sir."

"The guilt thus brought home to him," read little boy Billy "this miserable wretch expiated the heinous crime upon the scaffold on Monday, the first of May——"

"Ha, ha!" cried Uncle Pickerton. "Did he now?"

"That horrid book again!" cried Mrs. Gillesby.

Just then there was a knock at the street door.

"It's William!" exclaimed Rosaline, starting to her feet.

And before her mamma could interpose, she had flown into the passage, and was kissing Goodenough like anything, and crying on his shoulder.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Gillesby has recently resided in a highly respectable boarding-house somewhere on the south coast. The rest of the family are still at No. 2.

ORPHEUS AND HIS HARP.—The notion of shrubs and trees as moved by the harping of Orpheus has run out into some strange fancies. We have seen the children following the piper of Hamelin into the depths of the blue river. In some popular stories the musician can make everything dance at will. In the German story of the Jew among the thorns the myth is blended with the common tradition of Three Wishes, one of those wishes being for a fiddle which shall make every one dance, and which, in the issue, rescues the servant at the gallows. We find this fancy in a less developed form in the story told of Arion. The bard here, although he gives them wonderful delight, fails to win mercy for Arion from the sailmen, who are resolved to have his wealth at the cost of life. The minstrel leaps into the sea, and a dolphin carries him to Corinth, and Arion recovers his harp from the sailors, whose iniquities are laid bare and punished. In the Icelandic story the harp of Sigward in Bori's hand makes chairs and tables dance, and kings and courtiers reel till they fall from sheer weariness, while Bori makes off with his bride, who was about to be given to some one else; and at length, in an Irish tale it has the power of waking the dead as well as of stirring the living. In an Eastern story this harp is connected with the legend of the Sibylline books and King Tarquin, who is here represented by Satavahana, to whom Gunadhya sends a poem of 700,000 verses written in his own blood. The King rejects the poem, objecting to the dialect in which it was written. Gunadhya thereon burns a part of the poem, but while it is being consumed his songs brings together all the beasts of the forests, who weep at the beauty of his tale. Satavahana falls ill, and is told that he must eat game; but none is to be had. The beasts are all listening to Gunadhya. Hearing this the King hurries to the spot and buys the seventh portion, which was all that now remains of the poem. In these traditions of the Latin Sibyl and the Hindoo poet we have two versions of the story, the frame-work of which must have been in existence before the dispersion of the Aryan tribes from their common home.

CARD PLAYING.—The most difficult and fashionable form of "solitaire" at cards is called the "skip-two." It is said that the game is so ingenious and interesting that in Eastern cities clubs are formed to play it, communication of success being made by telegraph and letter. The elements of calculation and chance are about equally divided. The possible combinations of the game may be said to be incalculable. The full pack of fifty-two cards is used. They must be thoroughly shuffled to begin with, and then laid out one by one in rows on a large table. Whenever as thus laid out a card of the same suit as the last one in the row is to be found three cards back "skipping two," it can be placed on top of the last card in the row. This of course disturbs the order of the original arrangement and may bring cards of the same suit within two cards of each other. In that event the two may be placed in a single pile, that to the right being the one on which the other card must be placed. It will often happen that the four suits may be moved in this way at the same time, and in doing this the memory is taxed, and ingenuity needs to be frequently displayed so as to combine the cards in such a way as to bring those of the same suit within two cards of each other. When the cards on the table offer no chance to move, the player draws from those in his hand until all are exhausted. The result of the game, if successful, is the combination of all those of the same suit in a pile by themselves, thus making four piles. Failure is reached when the cards in hand being exhausted, there are no further moves and more than four piles remain on the table.

CHURCH BELLS. The London Lancet is greatly opposed to church bells, regarding their "ding dong and jangle" as a very serious annoyance to the sick. It says that in many cases the loss of rest and the general disquiet they produce lessen the chance of recovery, and expedite a fatal issue. The New York *Sun* in commenting on this says the same opinion is gaining ground in many of our large cities. Church bells were originally introduced when people had not as many clocks and watches as now. They are maintained now rather to perpetuate an old custom than to be of any particular service is bringing congregations together. People who go to church generally regulate their preparations and their departure from home by their own timepieces, and not by relying on the church bells. In the case of city congregations, many of the worshippers live two miles or more from the church they attend, so that the "church-going bell" of their particular house of worship is of no avail to them. For country churches, where there are few noises besides the bells, there is no great objection. But the cities are so abundantly supplied with noise-making annoyances that both invalids and those who enjoy good health are less in favor of the bells than in former years.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WOLF-MONTH.—January was called by the Saxons "Wolf-monat," or wolf-month, as it was supposed that during it more people were devoured by wolves than at any other time in the year. It was subsequently called "After Yule," or after Christmas.

POLICEMEN IN CHINA.—To preserve the Emperor's peace throughout the realm, the principal agents are the policemen attached to the tribunals, small and great, who are known by their red robes, their high black caps, and the official pheasant feather surmounting their heads like a horn.

EELS.—Eels are the national dish for Christmas Eve in Italy, no pious Catholic failing to make a sumptuous supper off this favorite dish on his return from visiting the Bambino. On New Year's Day superstitious Italians eat seven times, in order to secure plenty of food during the coming year.

WHEN DAY BEGINS.—At sunset with the Jews, Athenians, Chinese, Mahometans, Italians, Austrians, and Bohemians. At sunrise with the Babylonians, Syrians, Persians, and Modern Greeks. At noon with ancient Egyptians and modern astronomers. At midnight with the English, French, Dutch, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Americans, etc.

MARRIED IN MAY.—The superstition with regard to being married in May originated in the custom of the Romans holding this month sacred to Apollo, and almost every day was a festival. On the 9th, 11th, and 13th was celebrated the festival in memory of the dead, and consequently it was believed that marriages contracted in this month would result fatally.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.—An English architect has been "figuring up" the cost of the great pyramid. Its original dimensions at the base were 764 square feet, and it had a perpendicular height of 480 feet, covering 4 acres, 1 rood, 32 perches of ground. It consumed 80,028,000 cubic feet of stone; and he adds that it could not now be built for less than $145,200,000. But where did all this money come from?

BRIDAL CEREMONIES.—Among the more rational ceremonies observed by the ancients, was the practice of conducting the bride to the house of her spouse on a chariot, which was afterwards burned; it originated with the Thebans, and was intended as a symbol of the bride's future dependence on her husband, from whom there was no chariot to convey her back to her parents; it is mentioned 880 B. C.

"I SERVE."—The Prince of Wales' motto, Ich Dien (German: I serve,) according to a Welsh story, should be Eich Dyn (Welsh: Your man.) The legend was that the Welshmen promised to obey Edward I. if he would give them a prince who was born in Wales, could speak no English, and had done no wrong to man, woman or child, and in answer he presented the newborn child of his queen with the words, Eich Dyn: "Here's your man."

OLD PUNCTUATION.—It appears certain that the ancients were not acquainted with the use of any punctuation marks to assist the reader in ascertaining the sense of the author, but that he was left to discover it from the general tenor of the subject. The earliest printed books had no stops, but some arbitrary signs here and there, introduced according to the humor of the printer. The marks of punctuation now used were invented in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

CONSUMPTION OF OAK.—Not more than forty acres of timber can grow upon an acre of land, so as to attain their full size or to yield each two loads of timber. In order, therefore, to build a full-sized man-of-war, the produce of seventy-six acres of oak-forest, of the growth of a hundred years, would be necessary; and to supply the demands of such a navy as England possesses at the present time would absorb annually the produce of nearly 150,000 acres.

POSTAL CARDS.—Postal cards were first adopted by Germany. By an act of Congress, June 8, 1872, the Postmaster-General was authorized and directed to issue postal cards to the public at a cost of one cent each. The first cards were issued in May, 1873. The enormous number of 276,446,710 postal cards were issued during the last postal year, according to the report of the Postmaster-General, when the cards were first introduced we are informed that the government paid $1.40 per 1,000 for them, but recently they cost about 40 cents per 1,000, and the article is quite an improvement on those first issued.

THE ONE EYED.—The following act of barbarous courage is related of Revendee Bey, surnamed the One-Eyed, who was the object of great attention at Constantinople. His father died when he was only sixteen years old, and the Kurds, his subjects, refused to acknowledge him as his successor, on account of his youth, styling him "Smooth Face." Having called together the revolted chiefs, he advanced in the midst of them, and said, "Well, you doubt my courage, I will now convince you of what sacrifices I am capable." And with this remark, he immediately tore his left eye from the socket, and threw it on the ground. This extraordinary act of courage so astonished the Kurds, that they threw themselves at his feet, acknowledged him as their chief, and fought for him like very lions.

OVER THE SEA.

BY J. O.

Dark clouds o'er the heavens are sweeping,
The wind murmurs wild and low,
And it wails out the words that my lover
Spake to me long, long ago:
"We part but to meet, my darling!"
Ah! when will the meeting be?
The days grow to years so slowly
Now my lover is over the sea.

The white-crested waves are plashing
Their tireless song at my feet,
They have sung it so long and so falsely,
That I heed not the music sweet;
'Tis the old refrain they are chanting:
"Some day we will bring him to thee!"
But their notes have all grown discordant
Now my lover is over the sea.

The sea-gulls around are flying,
Their tale is the same to-day;
"We have seen thy lover, oh, maiden,
In the land that is far away."
Fly swiftly, fly swiftly, oh, sea-gulls,
And carry this message from me:
Come back to me over the sea."

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT was late in the night after they returned from Monmouth that Hilda laid her head on her pillow.

She was not physically weary.

The events of that day, creating the wildest mental excitement, banished sleep from her eyes.

Sitting in the silence of her chamber, while the moon shone calm and fair over the earth she strove to read the future.

Oh, if she could but dash the obscuring veil from the coming events, and know if indeed she was ever to taste the happiness of being clasped in a parent's arms!

Was the mystery that enshrouded her indeed to be made plain, and she no more to be left to wander helpless and alone in the chill darkness of her lonely, unloved life?

Oh, if such happiness were to be for her!

Eagerly she caught at the blissful prospect, and suffered her thoughts to stray at their own sweet will.

Then her mood changed.

The hopeful, blissful vision faded into the dark clouds of a gloomy future.

"If it is all a delusion," she thought; "if he whose features thus resemble that precious miniature be not my father, but only one of those strange resemblances that delude and mislead even to death! My heart tells me that at last I have found him, my mother's love, my father. But then, will he acknowledge me?—will he own the desolate orphan?"

A terrible dread passed over her.

"He may deny me," she resumed; "yes, rich, haughty as he looks—high in rank, as his very air betokens—perhaps with wife and children round him,—will he own the child of his youthful love? Ah! he may send me from his door an outcast. If he wronged my mother, how can he care for his child?"

"Heaven help me!" she cried, and the self-pity brought the tears to her eyes; "Heaven help me! Better they had let me die in my unconscious infancy, and been laid on the bosom of the only parent that would have cherished me, than suffer that. Ah, there is one sweet happiness that can never be mine," she continued, and her hands were locked together over her heart. "But why this entire desolation, this fearful gloom and foreboding? Am I destined only to distress and misery? O merciful Father, hast Thou indeed forgotten to be gracious to me!" and her meek eyes were raised to the moonlit sky.

"Only midnight," she murmured, as the distant hall clock sounded twelve. "Will the darkness never pass? Surely the day must bring something on its wings. Something tells me that I cannot long remain thus—that my destiny will ere long be accomplished, for good or evil."

After awhile the poor girl grew calmer.

Preparing herself for the night, she knelt again, and offered up a calmer prayer, with sweet resignation to the All-Wise will.

"The burthen of that prayer was—"Give me resignation and strength, oh my Father! Let me no more go lonely in this cold world, if it be Thy will; but if not, then be Thou to me in the place of an earthly parent, and guide me safely to Thy heavenly home!"

Then she laid her head on her pillow and soon fell into a calm slumber.

Oh the realms of Dreamland!

How mysterious, and yet how soothing are they! There is that wondrous Dreamland, came to Hilda a shadowy form, laying his hand on the lone wanderer's brow, and whispering, "Peace and happiness are yet for thee, my daughter!"

From the bliss of such fantasies, how tame and prosaic is the return to waking life.

How painful the transition from the Fairyland of dreams to our dull, cold earth again!

It was in the darkest of those hours immediately preceding the dawn, that, Hilda turned drowsy on her pillow, with a suffocating sensation in her throat. There was a moaning, rushing sound, which awoke her, when she perceived that the room was lurid with flame.

The thought of self-preservation came uppermost. Hastily flinging a garment about her Hilda fled to the door.

In the corridor which led to the well staircase the smoke was thick and stifling. Half bewildered, she went on cautiously until her hand was on the banister, and her foot on the stairs.

A turn in the winding flight brought up to her an intolerable stifling heat; and rolling out from the rear portion of the lower hall came heavy masses of smoke.

The fire had evidently originated in the rear of the house. Hilda drew her wrapping gown about her, and bounded down the staircase. Then she lifted the fastenings from the oaken door and flung it open. Nearly stifled, she sank on the threshold; but the cool night air soon revived her.

Far and wide the red glare gleamed over the hills and woods; but not a voice broke the stillness. Then she alone was safe! The sleepers there—the aged housekeeper and her husband, the kindly nurse, sweet little Lina, the few servants who were retained in their master's absence—must they perish? Where were they? Still slumbering on the brink of eternity?

Hilda rushed again to the hall, but the way was cut off. The flames had overspread the oaken panelling of the hall, and so rolled through the carved balusters of the staircase.

"Oh, will no one help me to save them!" she cried. "Will no one ever come?"

She uttered shriek after shriek that was borne on the still night air; and then she cowered down on the threshold, driven further and further down the flight of steps by the stifling heat.

At that moment cries came from the distance.

The flames had been seen. The people from the lodge and from the village were hastening up to help.

Would it be too late?

"Fire! fire! fire!" echoed on the night, coming nearer and nearer. Then came feebler sounds.

Mrs Winslow, dragged forward by her husband, was seen staggering through the smoke, feeble and half senseless, but alive—safe.

Hilda started up. She would rush towards the coming throng. She would urge them onwards, tell them that the life of the young heiress of that fair domain was at stake.

She staggered forward; but overcome by the smoke, the exhaustion, the terror of the scene, and the excitement of the previous day, she sank senseless on the terrace before the mansion.

When Hilda recovered her consciousness some minutes later, she gazed dimly, as one in a dream, on a scene of terror.

Men were flitting to and fro, removing the furniture and valuables from the house. Engines had arrived, and were beginning to play on the flames. Then she faintly turned her head. She lay on a smooth grassy lawn whither some one had borne her, while close beside her sat Mrs. Winslow, and one or two trembling maid-servants, paralysed with fright.

Hilda rose languidly to her feet. The first object on which her eyes fell was the portrait of the former mistress of that burning mansion, lying uppermost on a heap of carpets, sofas, antique cabinets, books, chairs, piano, and pictures, thrown pell-mell together.

She comprehended it all. They had rescued the picture of Sir Guy Capel's dead wife. Had they saved his child?

"Where is Lina?" she cried, wildly.

The housekeeper, mute with terror, only sat swaying herself to and fro; the servants only replied with fresh sobs, and in an instant Hilda was among the crowd.

"Go some of you—go!" she cried, grasping the arms of the man near her. "Go, save them! save Sir Guy's child—his only child—and her nurse! Go quick!"

"Where are they?" cried several voices.

"In the western wing, the last chamber," she replied. "Oh, quick, quick!—every moment is life!"

She sank on her knees, and prayed mentally, with her hands clasped.

There was a pause; it seemed hours to the excited girl. Men gazed in each other's faces, then upon the pile wrapped in flames; they trembled, they exchanged regretful words and looks, but no one moved.

"Why do you wait? Are you men?" cried Hilda. "You have—you have mothers. Think of Sir Guy; it is his only child. He will give half his fortune if you save her. If ye are men, save them—save them!"

But no one stired. The love of life was strong, and it seemed certain death to rush into the jaws of the devoring flame.

"Cowards, cowards all! Lina, Lina, I will save you, or die with you!" cried Hilda.

With a sudden bound she ran up the broad steps, and disappeared amid the blinding smoke.

"She is lost! she will never come out again! Let us try to save her!" exclaimed a stout farmer from the crowd; and instantly, inspired by the force of example, three or four ran over the threshold of the burning house.

How Hilda gained the rooms occupied by Nurse Allen and her charge she never knew; it was enough that she was there, unharmed by that terrible flame. Closing the door behind her, she sank down exhausted.

The flames had not yet penetrated the chamber, but she heard a crackling along the paneled passages, and the room was lurid with light streaming through the windows.

"Mrs. Allen!—nurse!—Lina!" she cried.

A low moan came from the nurse, who was bending over the bed where the child lay, happily sleeping with the unconsciousness of infancy.

Hilda touched the half-insensible woman, and she shrieked with sudden joy.

"Oh Miss Hilda, Miss Hilda, I knew you would not desert me; but the fire, the terrible fire!—I could not take my darling through, and so we must all die here."

"No, no; we must escape—we can—we will," said Hilda, encouraging, by her own exhaustion and terror giving way to the exigencies of the moment. "Come, come, I will open the window and shriek. They can raise a ladder. Courage, dear Lina, and all will be well."

She threw open the sash; but she shrank back with a groan.

That avenue was cut off.

A pile of timber, that had been collected for the intended repairs of the mansion, had been fired by the red-hot cinders, and along a grape vine, embowering the whole western side of the wing, the flames curled rapidly.

With a groan Hilda dropped the sash.

Then the fire leaped upwards, surrounding the heavily-carved window mullions till the glass cracked.

Beset on every side by that fire-fiend—at the windows, at the door—the brave girl's heart failed.

They must perish; but they would die together. And creeping back to the bed where the child lay, she slid her scorched and blistered hands into Nurse Allen's, and bowing her head on her shoulder, burst into tears.

That very appeal, so mute and helpless, aroused the old nurse.

"Poor young thing," she said, pressing her lips on Hilda's forehead—"poor young thing, you cannot save us, then. Oh, if Sir Guy were only here! But there don't take on so, dear. God is all sufficient. Perhaps we may yet be saved. Come, come—we must not stay here to die—come, my child come."

"No, no," groaned Hilda. "We cannot escape. Do you not see the terrible fire is everywhere? No, Mrs. Allen, we must perish. Oh, poor Lina!" she said, and a convulsive shudder ran through her frame.

"Die here!—perish here!" repeated Mrs. Allen, mechanically. "Oh no. But it matters not for me. Try to get my Lina away. She is her father's darling, his only one. Poor Sir Guy! Oh, save her for her father's sake!" she cried, grasping Hilda's arm frantically.

The appeal roused the despairing girl. For Sir Guy's sake she would save the child or perish.

And then came the thought of his agony at the news of his darling's terrible fate. That was the most powerful stimulus.

In an instant Hilda was calm; and she calculated, with the coolness of a heroine, the chances of escape.

The flooring had not yet fallen, nor the staircase, through the walls were burning. She must brave it—they must all brave it. Seizing a couple of towels, she dipped them into the water ewer, and wring them tightly.

"Bind one about your mouth," she said to Nurse Allen; "it will prevent suffocation."

Then, wrapping Lina in a blanket, and lifting her from the bed with almost superhuman strength, she cried, "Now, nurse. There—your hand—quick!"

She threw open the door, but the old nurse sank down.

"No, no," said she. "I shall only be a drag on you. Maybe God will send some one to help me."

"God can save us all, if it is his will," replied Hilda. "I will not leave you. I will not stir one step without you. For Lina's sake, or mine, try to be strong. There hold me fast. Don't let go my arm." Clasping little Lina tightly to her bosom with one arm, and with the other feeling her way along the corridor in the blinding smoke while Nurse Allen's arm was firmly clasped round her waist, Hilda thus crossed the threshold.

Terrible was that dark, groping walk. On—on she went; the flame close on her path.

In the midst of the peril, when neither retreat nor advance could be possible, save with the utmost and most desperate resolve and calmness, she suddenly encountered an open door that swung outward in the corridor, which struck her head a severe blow.

Bewildered, stunned by the blow, exhausted by the terrible exertions she had made, Hilda at last gave way. Faintly murmuring, "God help us! I can go no further," she sank, with a roaring sound in her ears.

In her last moments of consciousness only one idea crossed her brain—"I am dying, dying so young, and unclaimed, unknown by my father."

Then faces slowly working and blending like flitting clouds, danced before her dazzled vision—the pictured faces on her locket, and that of Sir Guy Capel, darted athwart her vision; then a cold, blank blackness closed over her.

All her senses seemed lost except that of hearing. Hilda heard many voices and again that wild rush, as of a mighty waterfall, rose higher and louder in her ears, while she seemed sinking into the deep, cool embrace of the waters fathoms below the burning pile.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IT was a wild wet night, about a fortnight after the terrible fire at Springdale. For three days the rain had been incessant, breaking the beauty and the brightness of the lovely month of June.

It would seem that old winter revenged itself for a somewhat rapid departure, by returning to mar the fair loveliness of its younger and favored sister, with the cold winds and sullen rains that chill the system when enervated by the summer heats.

The earth was water-soaked; the vegetation grew dank and luxuriant; grass waved in tangled masses; white and crimson rose petals lay limp and torn on the earth; birds huddled together in shivering surprise; willows drooped their foliage all along the country side; children waded through pools, in the highway; and farmers looked anxiously towards the dark and sullen west, wondering when "it would all fair."

In the city, also, every one had become weary of the rain.

The streets were almost deserted, save by the sons of business and toil, or those who could command the luxury of vehicles; and at night the pavements were barely tenanted by policeman, and the few who ventured out from necessity, or from weariness of confinement.

It was on such a night that, alone in his room, at a small table drawn up before the bright fire, which the dampness of the atmosphere rendered essential, sat that son of darkness and sin, Hugh Fleming!

An air of deep seclusion pervaded the apartment. Heavy curtains fell over the windows; the door was double-locked; and, save the a slight metallic ring, as of the rasping or filing of steel, from the table where Fleming sat, no sound broke the still-

Over the table a large gas chandelier cast ness.
a strong glare, and on it lay a case, and several tiny instruments of steel; an impression of a key in wax, a bunch of keys, and a small, carefully folded piece of paper, with the signature torn across.

Hugh Fleming was a gentleman by birth, and by no means accustomed to the exercise of any of the mechanical arts.

Had he been a French noble instead of an English aristocrat, it might have been imagined that he was practicing some art that he had been taught as a safeguard against evil days. But he was busily at work on a small key, attentively filing it with the greatest nicety of touch, then fitting it to the wax impression, and holding it up between his eyes and the strong light as if to detect the least flaw in its workmanship.

For half an hour Hugh Fleming thus sat at his task; and then, applying it once more to the wax, an exultant exclamation proclaimed his success. Placing the key and a bit of torn paper in his pocket book, returning the tools to their case, bringing a cloak from the closet, in the pocket of which he laid the bunch of keys with a thick leather pouch, and then carefully dusting every particle of steel dust from the table, he lowered the gaslights, and began rapidly to pace the room.

A smile of triumph was on his lips—a bitter smile. Yes, Hugh Fleming has indeed rapidly deteriorated in the social and moral scale since he was first presented to the reader.

In his youth he had been self indulgent, frivolous, impetuous, and wilful; the petted child of a weak mother; the handsome idol of the salon; the gay and favored lover; the heartless *roue*; the true and bitter lover of Julia Courtenay.

We say "bitter," for his love for Julia was of that kind that turns from its deepest intensity of passion of the hardest and most unpitying hate.

It was idle to speculate how success in that one redeeming passion of his life might have affected his character.

It might perhaps have wrought a temporary change, but certainly not one that could have eradicated the fixed bitterness of his nature.

In any case, such a reformation is a problem; and Hugh's character was scarcely one that was susceptible of the sweet and softening influence of woman.

Julia had feared and disliked her cousin; her pure and proud spirit scorned the love that had been deceitfully spoken to so many before her; and the result proved her to have judged right in her estimate of his character.

Reginald Glanville had been selfish, mad, regardless of his obligations, and his duties to his heiress wife.

The gentler portion of his nature had been hardened by gambling, and the real love of which he was capable had been buried with his first and only love.

But Hugh was made of yet sterner stuff; and the debasing influences of long years of crime and misery were rapidly bringing him to the felon's level, if not the felon's mien and manner. As yet his career had been triumphant.

He has wrought much evil, and always with the impunity that increases the daring hardihood of sin.

The severity of the world's laws, the vengeance of Heaven, had not yet reached him.

"There is no such word as 'impossible,'" he said. "There is nothing that genius and daring cannot accomplish.

"Hugh Fleming has not lived and triumphed for all these years to undertake anything without being rewarded by success."

And he spoke truly. Long journeying, successful plottings in the way of evil, had made him bold; but they had rendered him cautious, too. Cunning and caution—deep intellect combined with an unscrupulous and courageous head—had been the characteristics of his career.

"Triumph at last!" he whispered, as he walked rapidly up and down the floor.

"Yes, a royal triumph! At one stroke to be freed from this cursed beggary, to leap from the uncertain, risky winnings at a gambling table, into a princely fortune; to take the halter from my own neck and fasten it round Glanville's.

"Ah, that is revenge and triumph fit for a king!—policy and skill worthy of a 'Talleyrand.

"Yes, Reginald Glanville, when Julia Courtenay became your wife, I vowed vengeance, and now the hour has come.

"No man ever yet stepped between me and the accomplishment of my purpose,

and escaped me. Ay, it was an evil hour when you heard the words from Julia's lips that pronounced the assurance of her love; an evil hour when you spoke the vow that you never ever dreamed of keeping.

"And the last stroke is about to be aimed that completes your downfall."

He paused a moment, as if exulting in the felicity of his coming triumph. Then the chimes of a neighboring church startled him.

"I have no time to waste here," he said, suddenly stopping in his irregular march. "Half-past twelve."

He drew back the heavy curtains and looked into the street.

"It is dark as Erebus," said he. "Everything conspires to favor me. Just the night! few persons out; no one would recognize me in the pitch darkness; the police are even sheltering from the storm."

He paused before a mirror, and looked at his pale face. It was one that could well be trusted by its owner not to betray his secret—one that was an unmistakable evidence of a strong will.

"No, Hugh Fleming, no!" he smiled boldly. "One last effort, and you hold your fortune in your hands, and the man you hate is doomed for ever."

He went into an inner room, and drew forth from a dressing closet a dark slouched hat.

This with the ample cloak, under which he concealed a small dark lantern, completed his disguise; and noiselessly unlocking his door, and locking it again, he glided down the dimly-lighted staircase and through the hall, without remark from the servants and landlady, who inhabited the basement of the house.

Even had he been heard, they were too much accustomed to his late exits, and his matutinal returns to his home, to wonder at the occurrence; so he opened the hall door and passed out, unseen and unremarked, into the dark, rainy night.

Some hours later the owner of a stately mansion in Belgravia stole like a thief into his own house. All was dark, for the gas had been turned down, and the porter slumbered in his chair, unconscious of the hour.

Amid the gloom, and the noise of plashing rain and howling of the wind, Reginald Glanville heard not the stealthy tread of feet, nor saw the form that glided after him over the threshold and into the dimly lighted library, secreting itself among the curtains of a bay window.

Glanville lighted a wax taper on the mantelpiece, and laying his dripping cloak aside, seated himself in a large arm-chair before the fireplace, where the coals still blazed brightly. His face was fearfully wild and haggard, and dark circles rimmed his eyes.

The precipice on which he had stood for the past few months was yawning under his feet. In vain he stretched out his hands for even a blade of grass to stay his fall.

That night Glanville had risked his last sovereign at the gaming table; nay, more, he had staked far more than he possessed. His debts had been growing and pressing on him, and still he had gone madly on, fancying that each hour, each throw, would retrieve all, and restore him to the fortune and station he had lost.

It was the old tale—madness, excitement, ruin, despair: and next, perhaps, suicide. He was ruined—utterly ruined—and disgraced. Every available resource was exhausted; every article that he owned, the house in which he was, the furniture that graced it, the very chair in which he sat, were forfeited. All that he could command would not be enough to meet a hundredth part of his lawful debts; and for his so-called "debts of honor," they were a gulf in which thousands would be swallowed up in vain.

There was no hope.

On the morrow his name would be disgraced for ever.

The distrusted gambler, the ruined gentleman, the utter bankrupt in money, character, health, and all the domestic affections—that would be his brand, the true brand affixed to his name.

Such was the fate in store for him; and the reputation which even he had as yet maintained, and the station which he could not resign without a pang, would be gone for ever.

"Ruined, ruined!" he said, smiting his forehead. "It has come at last.

"It has waited long, but only for a more certain, desperate result. I have battled with the tide like a drowning man; but I must sink now, sink into a fathomless whirlpool of misery and ruin. Oh, gaming—gaming! Fiend that thou hast been, with alluring smiles and promises, tempting me with the wine-cup and the dice and beckoning me with golden-tipped fingers to my ruin! Ah, fiend, are you satisfied now? Can wine drown memory? can it bring me even a temporary forgetfulness of my fate?"

He poured out a glassful from one of the decanters that were always placed on the table to wait his return, and drank it off at a draught.

Then he leaned his elbow on the table, and moaned in deep and bitter agony "To-morrow—to-morrow!"

He groaned, and his powerful frame shivered before that blazing fire, as if an ague had seized him.

His face was deadly pale, his hands were cold as ice, but yet his brain burned.

Again he murmured, "To-morrow."

Then there was a long pause, and again he lifted his ashen face, and slowly murmured, "But why need that morrow ever dawn for me? This will free me," he said drawing a dark substance from his pocket and gazing at it. "It has often brought me forgetfulness, it can bring me eternal sleep."

Again a thrill ran through his frame.

"Eternal!" he repeated. "Ah, do I believe that? No, in my heart I cannot say I do. The teachings of my boyhood, the instincts of my heart, the voice of reason, the very object around me, tell me 'No.' There is no eternal sleep for man. Yet, pshaw! if there is indeed a future, can it be worse for me than the fate I must meet on the coming day? I can dare death: I cannot meet men's scorn. They shall not throw my ruin and disgrace in my teeth. They shall not point at me as a dishonored coward, one that would even cheat in his vices, who had not the manliness to meet the fate he dared. This shall forestall them. At least, I will not see, will not hear what is to come.

"Why, what is it? A double dose—a benumbing torper—a deathly lethargy, and it is over.

"No disgrace, no scorn, no pity. I could not bear that. No, no; Reginald Glanville has not yet fallen so low. Death, death—it is at best but a leap in the dark, and he is a coward who hesitates to take it. Why should I? It matters not. It must come sooner or later. No one needs me, no one will shed a tear for me."

"It might have been very different once," he resumed after a pause.

"Julia loved me, her whole soul was bound up in me, her exis ence wrapped up in mine, and my death would have been hers—her very death pang. But now, even if she lives, she can but rejoice that she is free; she can but feel that she is relieved from hateful bonds.

"Poor Julia!" he sighed, and a quiver broke the hard sternness of his voice; "poor Julia! she will be better without me—I, who crushed all life's roses from her path, who sucked her every treasure of heart and mind, and fortune, and left her a beggar. And yet, how she loved me, wretch that I am! No punishment can avenge my wrongs. How she loved me! Poor Julia!"

He raised his head, and his eyes fell on a portrait on the wall.

It was Julia's—taken in all the brilliancy of her young matronhood, in the rich robes and jewels that so well accorded with her magnificent beauty.

Where was that glorious creature now?

Poor, desolate, stricken, injured in every point, she was wandering alone, and perhaps in abject misery, in the wild, cold world.

Glanville rose hastily; his breath was oppressed, his pulse almost stagnant.

He loosened his dress; something fell on the hearth with a sharp metallic ring.

He stopped to recover it, and then pressed a small miniature to his lips.

The form behind the window hangings, glided forth, gazing a moment on the scene. Glanville covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

Not wilder was the eternal strife without than the burst of emotion that shook that strong man's frame.

Weak as a child, he sank back in his chair, while the form glided back into the mantling shadow of the curtain.

"No, no, I cannot, I must not," he murmured, in a hoarse whisper; "the dead forbid it," he added, shuddering. "Dead, dead!" he repeated; "yet how do I know it? But the other day in her bloom and beauty she stood before me," he continued and a superstitious thrill ran through his frame; "and now her pictured face, so sweet, so young, reproachfully forbids this deed.

"Marian, Marian, I obey! Come ruin, come despair, I will not add to my sins and weakness the crime of a suicide."

He flung the deadly drug beneath the grate, returned the treasured locket to his bosom, and taking up a light, slowly mounted the stairs to his chamber, and threw himself undressed on the bed.

And still the figure in the curtains kept its position.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE morning broke bright and beautiful after that terrible rain and chill wind.

The winterly spring was over, and June resumed her empire.

Fair and soft rose the memorable day.

The bright summer sun had dried the moisture in the air, and the atmosphere was delicious; a sweet mixture of the fresh and inspiring spring with the balmy Summer.

The whole town seemed animated at an unusually early hour on that fair spring morning.

The birds in the squares and parks sang cheerily, and the sparrows hopped and twittered with redoubled glee in their city homes.

Children with their nurses were early astir, and scampering and sporting in the squares and gardens after the long confinement of the previous days; and the club windows, the breakfast-rooms in Belgravia and in May Fair, were crowded at an unusually early hour with their tenants.

An indescribable buzz seemed to pervade the streets, those homes and haunts of gossipings.

The newspapers were handed from one to another with some excitement, and "strange affair;" "Can't comprehend it;" were words bandied from lip to lip.

Indeed that something unusual was in those daily chronicles of crime, and of fashion, and of yet more grave and important events, might be augured from the hawkers of the papers themselves.

The boys announced them in shrill cries; the placards and their contents were surrounded with eager gazers, and the first editions were soon disposed of; for on those placards were written in large and glaring letters:

"Daring and Singular Robbery! Suspected connection with a Gentleman of high position and family!"

And when the papers containing the details of this startling event were purchased, they afforded the following singular particulars:

"Last night one of the most daring, successful, and suspicious crimes was committed, that has ever been known to vary the monotonous and wearying tales of burglary and violence.

"We say 'suspicious,' for it is whispered, with great appearance of probability, that the deed we are about to narrate does not belong to the ordinary run of such crimes.

"Of course, such suspicions may be considered premature.

"We only lay before our readers the facts, and leave them to judge for themselves.

"At the usual hour yesterday afternoon, the bank of Messrs. Gisborne, Holden, Sabine & Co., was left by the partners and officials in its usual security.

"The safes and strong room were carefully locked; and Mr. Sabine, who sleeps on the premises, was the last to leave the part of the house devoted to purposes of business.

"We may mention that Mr. Sabine is a bachelor, but, we believe, on the eve of marriage.

"The gentleman (a junior, and newly-made partner) has himself occupied the upper part of the premises since the removal of Mr. Holden to a mansion in Eton Square; and we believe, without impertinence, that it was on the cards that a daughter of that gentleman was about to return to her former home as its mistress.

"We mention the circumstance as one of the chain of singular details that are likely to lead to the detection of the offender, and point to the fact that he is in the same rank of life as the injured parties.

"Last evening a grand ball was given at the house of Mr. Holden, as a kind of house warming.

"Mr. Sabine, of course, was one of the guests, and as the festivity was kept up till a late hour, he did not return to the city, but availed himself of the hospitality of his host for the remainder of the night.

"The police, however, were only aroused by the servants resident in the back premises, and it soon became apparent that a daring and most skilful robbery had taken place.

"And, what is very singular, the person implicated must have been well and completely acquainted with the premises and all connected with them.

"It appeared that an entrance had been effected (by some as yet unexplained mode) and the strong room at once and rapidly visited.

"And, what was very singular, the box selected for the robbery was precisely the one most available and suitable for the purpose of the burglar.

"It was one containing, almost exclusively bags of gold and packages of bank notes, besides a small box of case, containing foreign bills of exchange, that can be realized, in some instances, before they can be stopped by the rightful owners.

"The mode in which an entrance must have been effected is imagined to be through some carelessness of workmen employed in an adjoining house, which very recently fell down from neglect.

"The mortar in the party wall is therefore comparatively fresh, and the person or persons concerned must have removed the bricks sufficiently to force an entrance on their hands and knees, and then actually have had to replace them ere leaving the house.

"The plundered property was secured in a safe of the most approved construction, and fastened by Chubb's patent lock, so that the burglar, whoever he may be, must have prepared a key of the right construction ere he accomplished his purpose; and, when the booty had been secured, the safe was locked again, and all was left apparently safe.

"Indeed, the robbery would not have been discovered before the opening of the bank, had not the workmen in the adjacent house, who of course are engaged at an early hour, had their attention directed to the freshly removed bricks. They of course at once gave an alarm.

"Mr. Sabine was called before he had begun to prepare for bed, and his pleasant evening terminated by the unpleasant information that his firm were minus some five hundred thousand dollars since he left the bank the previous afternoon.

"Great sympathy will be felt for the respected firm and a conviction cannot fail to be felt that some one well acquainted with its members and their habits must be concerned in the crime.

"A person in a station very different from the criminals generally implicated in such outrages, is suspected.

"In a few hours we may be able to speak more plainly, and, for the purposes of justice, we cannot but hope that the clue obtained will be skilfully and successfully followed up."

Such was the exciting account in the morning papers. Readers looked at each other with surprise. The ignorant were content with—"Who can it be? Can't be one of the firm. Perhaps a clerk is suspected." The better informed, or those who believed themselves better informed, exchanged significant glances.

"Don't you remember his father?" said one. "Eh?—yes—it doesn't do to mention names, but I know that his father's money was made in that bank, and it is not unlikely that he knows all about it—eh?"

"Yes, and folks have been saying queer things about him for some time," said the other.

"I know his sons has been terrible; for Metford, who, unluckily for himself, is too deep in all such secrets, told me so," said another; "and, in short, I fear that all points to him."

"Ah, sad pity," said another. "Such a fine fellow!"

"Yes," said another. "And then his prospects were so good!"

"My dear sir, it's always the case," said another. "Money is made by the fathers, and lost by the sons. It's the old families and landed proprietors who go on steadily."

The last speaker, a respectable Kentish squire drew up his head, and involuntarily touched his well-lined pockets.

Such was the gossip of the clubs; but what was the misery of others more intimately acquainted with the occurrence in question?

Poor Lucia Holden, the promised bride of Frederick Sabine, the gay and admired belle of the previous evening, sat weeping bitter tears in her room; for her father openly expressed his displeasure at the carelessness of the "acting partner," and hinted that, if not satisfactorily explained and ended, the marriage must be broken off.

Sabine, himself, hot-tempered and spirited, had resented fiercely the supposed reproach and suspicion; and it was only for Lucia's sake that he refrained from giving his senior partner the lie.

But in another house, what was the scene of woe and disgrace at the same hour!

In the afternoon—after a minute and close inspection of the premises by the police, in the early morning, which had ended in nothing but general conviction as to how and where the thief had entered—another and more minute inspection was made by the cleverest detective in the City force.

For more than a quarter of an hour the search went on in profound silence.

The inspector allowed no talking, scarcely any gesture, while he conducted the inspection.

At last he stopped, for he had suddenly observed a small white object; he picked it up.

It was but a fragment of paper, and a broken gold trifle, like a charm from a chain, lay beneath it.

He examined both silently; his face cleared.

There was a clue in that paper—a yet greater clue in that strange and curious chain.

It was one of Indian design, strangely fretted and worked in the form of a snake, with small rubies fixed in coils so tiny and so perfect, as to be at once rare and valuable, from the delicate workmanship.

The inspector felt the whole value of the discovery.

The name on the paper was the end of the thread; the chain, the link that should connect it with the criminal.

He said nothing, however, but he asked for a few minutes private interview with Mr. Holden.

Then the inspector hastily entered a Hansom cab, and drove rapidly towards the West End.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

REGINALD GLANVILLE awoke, dull and unrefreshed, about five o'clock in the morning.

His head ached intensely; his frame shivered as with an ague.

He rose from his couch, and from sheer physical illness and exhaustion was compelled to undress hastily and get into bed on which he had slept a fitful, feverish slumber.

The warmth of the soft down, the exhaustion and previous loss of sleep, at last did their work; he gradually lost the painful shivering, and sank into a calm sleep.

Dreams haunted him, of no unpleasant, though touching import.

The form of his lost and beloved youthful bride—for bride he now knew her to have been—rose before him. For the first time her sweet face gazed at him without reproach or anger. A sad and pitying yet loving look was in the soft features; they spoke pardon and hope.

Perhaps not the bright hope of earthly happiness, but a welcome and encouragement to permanent and heavenly joys.

Another and more majestic beauty also appeared to him; perhaps more lovely and more thrilling than the sweet and gentle face that had just vanished, but not more exquisitly spirituelle and touching.

It was the form of Julia—his injured, heiress-wife; not as he had often pictured her, sleeping and waking, with glittering eyes and flushed cheeks, and passionate and frantic resentment flashing from every feature, but it wore now the gentle, pleading, tender, agonized look which it had worn on that last night, when she had yielded to his prayers and soothed his misery, and murmured, "Love me—only love me!"

Yes, Julia was there, and Reginald could almost hear the words, "Love me—only love me, and I will pardon all and love you still."

It was a blissful hour to the suffering man. Reginald Glanville felt it as such; and he lay, even when the deep slumber had passed from his eyelids, unwilling to wake from the exquisite vision.

But the rude awaking was come.

There was ringing at the door-bell, the sound of steps in the hall, the sound of voices; then the steps ascended the stairs to his bed-chamber, and rested at the door. There was a low, sharp tap; then his valet entered.

"Please, sir," said he, "a person wants to see you."

Reginald started up. A vague feeling of terror seized him. The blissful vision passed, and he woke to a sense of terrible and perilous position.

"I am ill—I cannot see any one," he said, quickly.

"Please, sir, I told him so," said the valet; "but——"

"But I am sorry that my business is too urgent to wait for Mr. Glanville's pleasure or recovery," said the voice of the stranger, who had followed the servant up the stairs.

"However, I am not in such haste as to prevent your leaving your bed and dressing Mr. Glanville; only I should just like to give a look at your dressing table yonder. Nay, don't be suspicious; your servant can see all I do."

He waited for no compliance, but quietly walked to the table where Reginald had hastily flung the trinkets that he had worn in his careless toilette a few hours previously.

There were some of rare value, but few in number, and of chaste beauty—a fine diamond pin; a ring, some diamond studs, and a watch—a gold chronometer, of elaborate workmanship, with a delicately-worked chain, and a bunch of rare charms attached.

The man took them in at a glance.

Then the watch and chain were rapidly seized, a small object taken from the waistcoat pocket placed in juxta-position to them, and a smile of satisfaction crossed the detective's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cato Club.

A STORY OF OLD LONDON.

AN old-fashioned London street, somewhat gaunt and gloomy of aspect, ill-paved and badly lighted.

As yet oil lamps have not given place to gas; the century is still in its teens; the Prince Regent fills the throne, whence mental infirmity has driven his revered sire George the III.

"Twelve o'clock, and a frosty night."

So proclaims a watchman of advanced age clad in a many-caped coat, carrying a lantern and a rattle.

He repeats the announcement as he passes along.

His slowly-moving form is soon merged and lost in the darkness; but his voice, echoing and re-echoing about the deserted streets, long continues audible.

A hackney-coach stops; two gentlemen alight. They pay the driver liberally, and dismiss him. They pause for a moment irresolutely.

"This is our way," says one to the other. "We are late; it is already midnight. Let us quicken our steps."

They draw their long cloaks closely around them, for they are meeting a bitter cold wind.

As they pass beneath the feeble gleam of a projecting lamp it can be seen that the one man is some years older than the other, of taller figure and larger frame.

"'Tis pernicious weather," observes the younger of the two, in rather peevish tones.

"What is the weather to us, in our mood and with what we have before us?" asks the other scornfully.

"The weather is a trifle: that may be admitted—what then? Life is made up of trifles. Misery is compounded of many ingredients. The sum may be important; but of what small figures it consists!"

They pause before the carved portico of a red-brick house. Much ornate iron-work flourishes about the entrance, with extinguishers for the use of the bearers of links.

"One moment, Vane," says the older man with a certain solemnity of manner. "It is not yet too late; if your mind is not wholly made up, or if you have found reason to abandon opinions perhaps too hastily adopted——"

"My mind is quite made up," interrupts the other.

"You are really determined?"

"Most determined."

"Think yet a moment. You are young; life may yet have much happiness in store for you.

"I have thought, and I have decided."

"You understand, Vane? Who enters here, leaves Hope behind."

"I understand, Feverall. Though it were the Cave of the Giant Despair I should enter."

"It is the Home of Despair, for that matter. You will allow that I have warned you?"

"Without doubt. Believe me, I am fully sensible of the kindness and consideration you have shown me in the matter."

"And is to be?"

"It must be. It shall be."

"We will enter, then."

And he taps lightly at the door.

It is silently opened by a powdered footman in a dark livery.

They deliver to him their cloaks, and appear in the most rigorous evening dress of the time.

Their coats and small-clothes are finest black kerseymere, their broad stiff cravats are tied accurately round very erect sharp-edged collars; their open waistcoats display profusely frilled shirt-fronts; their wrists are daintily ruffled; they wear knee and shoe buckles, and black silk stockings; they carry dress swords by their sides, and cocked hats crushed beneath their arms.

They mount a broad but dimly lighted staircase, and enter presently a spacious and handsome chamber upon the first floor.

II.

A HUM of low-voiced conversation.

Groups of gentlemen, all in strict full dress, occupy the room.

There is little laughter; but no air of gloom oppresses the company.

The tone of refined society prevails: all is calmness, sobriety, undemonstrativeness.

"Who is the nobleman with the star and the blue ribbon?" Mr. Vane whispers in the ear of Mr. Feverell.

"That is Lord Melgrave. He is for the time our president in right both of his age and of his rank. He is not really so old as he looks; but it is understood that he is ruined alike in health and in fortune. Altogether, he has suffered severely. He may well sigh for relief and release. No word of repining ever escapes him however. He bears himself always gallantly and gracefully; a most engaging, and accomplished nobleman; a very delightful companion and steadfast friend. The world will miss him seriously. But see, he advances to greet us."

Mr. Feverell presents his friend Mr. Vane to Lord Melgrave.

"A new member?" says Lord Melgrave. "I bid you welcome, sir, to the Cato club. I am pleased to see you. You will pardon me if I say that you are young to desire to enter our ranks. But youth feels all things acutely, even that tedium of life perhaps which might seem to be the peculiar possession of age. I am old and ailing. I have undergone much; it need surprise no one that I am here. I should have escaped my troubles long since had such a way of escape seemed open to me.

"Mr. Feverell of course explained to you the nature of our constitution, the objects of our association? Rules and regulations we can scarcely be said to possess. No oath or solemn compact binds up together. We do not affect the forms and ceremonies, the vulgar mummeries and jugglories of so-called secret tribunals and fraternities. We are simply an assembly of gentlemen. Our word of honor is pledged in the matter. What more is necessary? We are agreed not to betray confidence, to be true to the club and to each other unto death. Surely it is sufficient that an honorable understanding in that respect exists amongst us! After all, it is but for a while we are here. Time soon releases us from our obligations."

His lordship spoke in calmy-measured tones, with much graceful courtesy of manner.

With a bow he quitted the two gentlemen and addressed himself to other members of the society.

Mr. Vane, behind his cocked hat, whispered to Mr. Feverell: "I fear his lordship is not long for this world."

"Who is?" demanded Mr. Feverell quickly. "And why should you fear it? There can be no doubt upon the subject, seeing where we are. But you spoke, of course, without thinking."

They approached the fireplace. Upon the massive chimney-piece of black marble stood a large bronze clock, supporting a statuette of classical design, a draped figure of a man, noble of pose, severe of expression, with large grandly-shaped features.

Mr. Feverell explained to his friend: "This represents, after the best authorities, the statesman and philosopher we view as in some measure the patron, if not the absolute founder, of our society, and whose name we have thought it not unbecoming in us to assume—Marcus Portius Cato, named Uticensis from the place of his death."

"I have seen Mr. Kemble play the part," said Mr. Vane simply. "I was much impressed by his performance. Addison's tragedy is, I think, a very noble production."

"I need hardly say the work is held in esteem by this society."

"The scene of Cato's death is very powerful in representation."

"True. He does not stab himself before the people, you remember. He respects too much the proscriptions of the classic theatre. Behind the scenes he inflicts upon himself his death wound, and then, reclining in his chair, he is brought on to die. We owe much to Cato and to the example he has left us, although here, perhaps, we bear in mind less the Cato of Plutarch and of Fact than the Cato of Addison and the Drama: the Cato who discovered that the Bane and Antidote were both before him; the Bane being Life, the Antidote Death. But I think supper is about to be served. You will understand that we are not absolute Stoics. We condescend to eat and drink, and recognize that the table offers certain pleasures, albeit to-morrow we die."

"What is the number of the company?" inquired Mr. Vane in a low tone.

"We usually contrive that it shall be thirteen."

"An ominous number."

"Say rather an appropriate number."

III.

FOLDING doors were thrown open.

Lord Melgrave led the way into an adjoining chamber, where a liberal entertainment was provided.

The table, lighted with many wax candles gleamed with plate.

In the centre stood a gilded vase of antique pattern, filled with flowers, which but half concealed a singular object rising from their midst—a human skull, its surface so white and polished that it bore the look of ivory.

Two bronze vases of minor size also ornamented the table, but these were empty.

"A death's head at a feast!" muttered Mr. Vane.

"We can scarcely need that remembrancer of Death," said Mr. Feverell. "It is not in the best taste, perhaps, but the club rarely errs in such matters; and it is viewed as a sort of symbol of the society."

The chair was taken by Lord Melgrave, who remained standing, however, until all had found seats.

An elegant supper was then served. Few ate with much appetite, albeit the dishes were of the most dainty and tempting sort.

Of the wines and liquors, handed round with frequency the liveried attendants, there was considerable consumption.

Gradually the conversation quickened and gained in tone.

Constraint was wearing; the spirits of the company steadily rose.

It cannot be said, however, that anything like merriment or sprightliness prevailed.

After a time Feverell said:

"Why, Vane. You have not told me clearly why you wished to join this Cato Club."

"Because I am a coward, for that matter," muttered Vane.

"The woman I loved—whom I love still has been grossly and cruelly insulted. I have not dared to challenge the offender. He goes unpunished, proud of his infamy."

"What is the explanation?"

"He is my own father. She knows nothing of our relationship. How can I tell her of it? I must hold my tongue. She believes me a miserable poltroon, and drives me from her presence. It is more than I can bear. If I lived, I should kill him. It is better for me to be here."

"I have done you some injustice, Vane. There is more reason on your side than I believed possible. But, after all to bring a man here, reason is not really required. Weak motives often urge men to act strongly. But—hush! our president is speaking. He is proposing a toast. We propose toasts, though we may not drink healths."

Lord Melgrave, his face of a ghastly pallor, had risen from his chair.

His white lips were seen to move, but for the moment no sound escaped them:

"In the centre of the table stands the symbol of our society and its aims: Mortality, with attendant conditions of Beauty, Grace, and Elegance.

"That is the Emblem of the Club; Death with Flowers. To that goal we would in turn hasten; not content to journey thitherward with the miserable tardiness, the dreary sluggishness which are the ordinary obligations and penalties of life.

"We would advance with alert action and quick step, not drag our limbs slowly after us as though unwillingly we were urged the on dreaded path.

"We differ, I may point out, from other clubs. They ballot for entrance; we ballot for exit, they for life, we for death. We shall determine presently by lot the member who is privileged to depart from among us, and whose face, after this night, we shall not again look upon in life.

"I propose that we proceed in the usual way. In one of the empty bronze vases upon the table will be deposited cards inscribed with the names of the members who are present; in the other vase will be placed tickets numbered 1 to 13.

"The youngest member present will officiate; with one hand he will draw a name, with the other a number. No. 13 is the winning number. This method of proceeding is authorized by the unwritten laws of the club, and has been found satisfactory in practice."

"And he who draws No. 13?" asked Mr. Vane, in a whisper, of his friend.

"No. 13 will depart from amongst us, as his lordship has expressed it. No. 13 will set forth promptly upon his journey from this world to the next."

Lord Melgrave was shaking the vases, that the cards they contained might be well shuffled.

"Mr. Vane, our youngest member, will kindly draw for us," said his lordship.

"Is there not a strange rumbling sound?" asked a member who had before complained of the room; "or am I troubled with a singing in the ears?"

"Hush!"

Mr. Vane was about to draw the cards from the vases.

The second card bore Mr. Feverell's name; third, Mr. Vane's own name. The numbers were five and nine respectively.

"Lord Melgrave,"—his lordship in firm tones pronounced his own name. He next read the number: "Thirteen."

No one spoke.

"At last!" said his lordship very quietly. "I have usually met with ill luck at games of chance. Fortune favors me to-night. I rise a winner. Congratulate me, gentlemen." He quitted pleasantly as he took a pinch of snuff from his superb box.

It was certain that a very strange noise was filling the house. A footman hurriedly threw open the door.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "we are in the greatest danger. The house is on fire! The room below is in flames; the staircase is threatened. It is necessary to escape immediately, or we shall be all dead men."

All rose from the table. Much confusion prevailed; there was something of panic even, with much uncertain hurrying to and fro. Various cries were heard.

"Order, order!" "Adjourn the meeting!" "Disperse!" "Silence for the chair!" etc. etc.

Lord Melgrave attempted to speak; but for some moments he could not make himself heard, the hubbub was so great.

Mr. Feverell proceeded to lock the doors, in the cause of order, as he said, and in support of the chair.

"Madman! What would you do?" cried several of the members. Mr. Feverell drew his sword.

"I act with my friend," said Mr. Vane. "I beg you to stand back, gentlemen," and he took up his position by the side of Mr. Feverell. The smoke was now stealing beneath the door and through the crevices of the floor, filling the room.

A rush was made to the doors.

The two friends defended themselves, valiantly; but overpowered by numbers, exhausted and bleeding, they were presently hurled aside.

Mr. Feverell had possessed himself of the keys, however, which he tossed through the window into the street.

Escape was still possible—just possible—by the windows. These looked towards the street.

Still, it was a dangerous leap from the windows to the pavement below, with an ugly iron palisade to escape.

Hurriedly the damask cloth was dragged from the supper table; a wreck of food and flowers, plate and glass, wine and punch strewed and soiled the floor—the white death's head, the club emblem, grinning in the midst.

The table-cloth, twisted rope-wise, was fastened to the balcony, offering a means of descent into the street.

But some had been unable to wait the completion of this proceeding. They had jumped and crushed themselves on the street or palisade.

"You are bleeding, Feverell," said Mr. Vane to his friend. Mr. Feverell was holding to his lips a white handkerchief blotched with crimson.

"It's over with me, Vane. I received somehow an awkward sword-thrust in the left breast."

As he spoke, his mouth filled with blood.

"Gentlemen," said Lord Melgrave, "I entreat you to save yourselves. There is not a moment to be lost. The floor is yielding beneath our feet. I certify that you have acted most gallantly. But enough has been done for honor. Save yourselves, I implore."

"I shall not quit your lordship."

"Vane, I add my entreaties to his lordship's," said Mr. Feverell. "Save yourself. I am dying. Believe me when I say that, after all, life is worth living."

"I remain here," said Mr. Vane firmly, as he took up his position at the window.

But he had scarcely spoken when, exerting all his strength, by a sudden effort Mr. Feverell seized him by the waist, lifted him in the air, and fairly tossed him over the balcony.

He was caught by a hundred hands.

He had escaped altogether uninjured.

When Mr. Feverell was last seen, his face wore a strangely radiant look.

He waved his hand as though bidding adieu to his friend and to the world.

A moment after and huge puffs of smoke hid him from sight.

Then came the flames bursting through the windows, crunching the wooden frames, and licking and blackening and blistering the brick-work and stone coping.

The total destruction of the house was inevitable.

There was an absolute end of "The Cato Club."

The Chosen Suitor.

BY LYDIA CAMPLIN.

THEY are standing upon the cliff together, Kenneth Carle, and Grace Ellsworth, and he is holding her hand in his and gazing earnestly into her beautiful gray eyes.

"Grace, turn back!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Turn back before it is too late. You do not know what you are doing; you——"

"I believe I know my own mind," interrupted Grace, with a forced laugh. "I am perfectly sane, I assure you."

Kenneth looked at her with a sad, doubtful expression on his handsome face.

"I cannot deem it possible," he says. "I never thought that Grace Ellsworth would sell herself for gold, paltry gold!"

She disengages her hand from his clasp, and, drawing herself up haughtily, replies in a cold tone that the tears in her eyes belie, "Neither would I, Mr. Carle. You presume too much upon our friendship. But there are some things that even friendship does not make admissible. You are very unjust in your accusation. My heart is my own and I am free to bestow it upon whom I please. Pray do not speak of selling again."

"I am to infer, then," he says, "that you have never loved me? You have been trifling with me all this time; you——"

"Infer anything you please!" retorts Grace, hotly. "It makes no difference to me."

"Ah!"

It is not a short exclamation that Kenneth Carle utters, but a long, low sigh, that thrills Grace's heart with a strange emotion, and causes the color to rush to her cheeks.

Then there is a long silence, while Kenneth gazes fixedly at the grass beneath his feet, and Grace stands motionless, now and then casting covert glances at her companion.

"Mr. Carle," she says, suddenly, "look at the darkening sky. There will be a storm soon. I shall return to the house. Will you come with me or stay here?"

"I will stay here," he replies, without raising his eyes from the ground; and she turns and leaves him.

At a short distance she pauses and looks behind her.

She sees the rocky cliff, with the sea lashing itself into foam at its base; the tall figure standing near its edge, his head bowed, his dark, Greek-like features clearly outlined against the dull gray sky, and an expression of anguish and pain crosses her face.

"It is succeeded, however, by a look of stern determination, and in a low, firm voice she says:

"I will not let this foolish love conquer. Money I want, and money I will have. I shall wed this rich stranger, for indeed he

is almost a stranger to me, and Kenneth Carle shall never be more to me than a friend."

As Grace has predicted, a storm comes up quite suddenly, and as she is quite a distance from her home, she seeks shelter in a cottage at the foot of the hill.

It is a quaint, low-roofed building of very ancient date, and has been inhabited for many years by a tall, gipsy-looking woman, who, when she first took up her abode there, was a comely, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden, and now is an old woman, yellow-skinned and gaunt.

Her black eyes, though, have never lost their keen brightness, but shine with such a steady, piercing light that, when any valuables are lost, the villagers laughingly remark that they might discover them instantly had they the light of Mother Leman's eyes to aid them.

These bright eyes turn upon Grace now, as she enters the room of the cottage that serves as kitchen, chamber, and parlor, and a metallic voice says, "Ah! is it you, my child, Grace? You were caught in the shower. Are you not drenched?"

"Oh, no," Grace replies, seating herself. "I have walked very fast, and the wide-spreading trees sheltered me. You are very busy, I see. Do you never rest, Mother Leman?" with an arch smile.

"Yes, when the night comes," replies the old woman; "but, my child, you are ill."

"No, indeed!" says Grace. "Why, I thought I was looking unusually healthy. Are not my eyes bright, my cheeks rosy? For once, Mother Leman, your eyes, sharp as they are, have deceived you."

"No; I am sure you are ill," the other says, gazing at Grace so earnestly that she grows flushed and warm, and wishes those piercing eyes would turn in some other direction. "You are ill—not physically, perhaps, but mentally. Grace, my child,"—warningly—"take an old woman's advice, and never exchange an old love for a new."

Now, Mother Leman has heard several stories concerning Grace and her two suitors, and determines to discover whether they are real facts or idle rumors.

She is satisfied as to their truth when she sees Grace start suddenly, while her face flushes deeply.

Grace draws back haughtily, while the same proud, angry expression that she wore when Kenneth Carle uttered the same words crosses her face.

"I don't know what you mean," rises to her lips; but knowing it is useless to try to evade or deceive this sharp-eyed woman, she answers, "I am acting as my heart dictates. I see no reason why you should warn me."

And Mother Leman, perceiving that the subject is an unpleasant one to Grace, immediately changes it.

It is not long before the storm clears away, and Grace takes her departure.

She is fully resolved now; she will marry the wealthy stranger, and crush her love for Kenneth Carle—nothing can alter her decision.

That very day the betrothal is sealed, and preparations for the wedding commence.

The wealthy suitor showers costly presents upon her with a lavish hand; but somehow they do not afford Grace the pleasure she anticipated.

The little ruby ring that Kenneth gave her is far more precious to her than all the rich man's diamonds.

At last the eventful day arrives, and Grace puts on the white wedding robes that are worth a fortune in themselves, expecting the costly jewels that glitter on her fair neck and arms, and among the braids of blue-black hair. Then the bridal party are driven away to the village church, and the marriage ceremony is performed.

Grace stands like a statue through it all, her face white and cold as the sparkling diamonds about her, and the village maidens' envy turns to pity, for they see what the love-blind husband does not, that she is an unhappy bride.

Kenneth Carle is not present at the wedding; he went away a week ago, the villagers say, and Grace is spared the pain of seeing him.

A few hours later Grace and her husband have left the little village, and are on their way to the Continent, where, amid new scenes and new people, surrounded by every luxury that money can buy, Grace will endeavor to forget her sorrow.

* * * * * *

Ten years later. In the largest, handsomest room that the Eyre Hotel can afford sit two gentlemen: one a slim, blonde young man, whose attire borders on the "dandy" style; the other a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, whom we have met before—Kenneth Carle. But he is no longer known by that name; for some reason of his own he has changed it to Ellis Cary.

Ten years have altered him greatly; indeed, it would be difficult for his nearest friend to recognize him.

He is thinking of old times now; and, chancing to glance into the mirror opposite, smiles at the bronzed, bearded face revealed there as he contrasts it with the smooth, boyish one of ten years ago. He is aroused from his reverie by the voice of his companion, saying, "I say, Cary, have you seen the new arrival, a young widow with no end of a fortune? Worth looking after, I tell you. There she goes now."

Kenneth glanced out of the window in time to see a slender figure, attired in deep mourning, pass by; but her head is averted and he does not see her face.

"Handsome, too," continued his friend "I got an introduction last evening. I'll present you to-night."

That evening, Kenneth Carle—for by that name he is best known to us, meets the young widow in the hotel drawing-room, and is introduced to her.

"Mrs. Ashly, Mr. Cary."

The widow bows low, and softly murmurs a few words of acknowledgment.

Kenneth glances at the face and draws a long breath of surprise, for beneath the dainty widow's cap he recognizes the blue-black hair, the dark gray eyes, the piquant features of his old love, Grace Ellsworth.

"Shall I reveal myself to her?" he asks himself.

And after a moment's hesitation decides he will not, for the present, at least.

She does not recognize him. Let her know him only as Ellis Cary.

The days pass by, and, slowly, the conviction dawns upon him that he is falling in love with Grace Ashly over again. Yet, is it over again? Is it not the old love that he believed dead rising like a phœnix from the ashes? He cannot tell. He only knows that she has grown very dearer to him, dearer than the maiden Grace Ellsworth had been.

At last he determines to know his fate, and, without revealing his identity, he asks her to be his bride.

Grace's fair face does not flush, nor her eyes droop, as she places her hand in his, and replies:

"Mr. Cary, let me tell you my story, and then if you are willing to claim me, I will consent. Ten years ago I met Kenneth Carle, and loved him. He was not wealthy, and in my desire for riches I cast him off for another, who I knew could give me everything my heart desired. Everything, did I say? Oh, no! he could not give me happiness. Since his death I have travelled from place to place, until I came here and met you. I like you, I respect you greatly, but I cannot love you. I can never love again. If, knowing this, you are willing to make me your wife, I have nothing more to say."

"And if this Kenneth Carle should return and ask you to marry him, would you do so?" her companion asks.

"No, no," replies Grace, sadly; "that is impossible."

"It is not impossible," Kenneth says, passionately. "Don't you know me, Grace?"

Grace looks up into his face with a dazed expression. The resemblance has puzzled her, but it is all clear now.

"Yes, Kenneth, I know you now," she replies. "Kenneth, after wronging you so much, can you still love me?"

"I can and do," he replies. "Grace, my darling, is it yes?"

He looks down into her pretty face, with its flushed cheeks and shyly drooping eyes, and there reads his answer.

And on the following September Grace puts on the wedding robes for the second time, and are the merry bells have ceased pealing she has become the bride of her first and only love, Kenneth Carle.

The Voice of Song.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, Sweden's heroic King, was fond of music.

The sweet voice of song, especially from the lips of childhood, often moved him to tears.

Once upon a time, Gustavus Adolphus, after long and severe fighting, had conquered a strongly fortified town, in which were citizens who had been born within the limits of the Swedish rule, but had since found inducements to seek new homes, and take upon themselves new allegiance. And all those people he condemned to death.

They were marched out from the town at nightfall, to be held in camp until the following morning, when they were to be shot for treason.

Several of his own officers interceded with the King for the lives of these poor people.

But Gustavus felt that he had already granted enough.

First—in the ruddy heat of his passion—he had consigned the whole tribe to death; but since he had greatly modified the sentence, condemning to be shot only those of the former subjects of Sweden who had been taken with arms in their hands; and from this no power of argument or persuasion could move him.

All the talk of his old chaplain about those people having only joined their fellows in protecting the homes of their wives and children, moved him not an atom.

"They are traitors!" he said; "and as traitors they shall die!"

At a late hour—it was past midnight—Gustavus Adolphus threw on his cloak and drew his slouched hat over his eyes, and staff in hand, wandered forth in the darkness.

Without thinking whither he went, he slowly walked on, answering the sentinels as they hailed him, until at length his steps were arrested by a strain of music.

"Who is that?" he asked of a sentinel whom he chanced to meet a moment later.

"It is in one of the tents of the prisoners, sire. The wife and children of one of their chief men have had permission to spend the night with the husband and father."

The King nodded his thanks for the information, and moved on.

Slowly he approached the tent whence the music had issued, and as he drew near he heard the sound of weeping and wailing; for the song had ceased.

As he stopped, close by the rear of the tent, he heard a deep, manly voice, "Hush! hush! Weep not. Trust in Heaven!" the voice said.

The king looked in through an open seam in the cloth, and saw a gray-haired old man, with an imposing presence, a grand face and head, and a clear, flashing eye, surrounded by his wife and children, who clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"Hush!" he said. "Let us not make these precious moments darker than they need to be. It is but the fortune of war, my loved ones. Come, my Hermione, sing to me, once more, our dear old song of the Fatherland! For, though Gustavus will take my life, yet I love the land that gave me birth. Blessings on dear Sweden, now and evermore! Now, Hermione, sing! Come, let thy voice give my poor heart cheer if it may be."

Presently thereafter a beautiful girl, of fifteen or sixteen summers, threw back the silken hood from her golden curls, and began to sing. Her song was the Swede's oldest and most deeply-cherished piece of heart-music—the words full of love and devotion—love of home and country—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. And never had the King heard it sung so grandly.

The words fell upon his ears with a new meaning, and the music touched his spirit with a strangly wakening power.

As the charming melody swelled to grander and grander tones, and the voice of the singer deepened and strengthened, the listener felt his heart hushed with awe.

And, finally, when the last rich cadence died away in mellow, melting echoes upon the upper air, he pressed his hands over his eyes, and burst into tears.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head, and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent he saw the family upon their knees, and heard the voice of the old man raised in prayer.

He listened for a few seconds, and then turned and strode away towards his quarters, where he found two of his attendants sitting up waiting for him. To one of them he said.

"Colonel, I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in the large tent nearest to the river—it is at the extreme north-western corner of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven: and of that family is a girl named Hermione. Bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

And when the messenger had gone the King turned to his table, and having found the necessary materials he went to work at writing.

He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas; and he had just finished his work when the Colonel appeared, with the gentle songstress in company.

"Fear not, my child," the King said, as the maiden stood trembling before him. "I have sent for you because I wished to repay you for a good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of the Vasas—the hymn of the Fatherland?"

"Yes, your Majesty, I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing; and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here, take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners. Colonel Forsby will go with you. And, my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vasa, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard, nor cold."

The girl looked up in the monarch's face, as he held forth the paper, and when she saw the genial, kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed it.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners.

The old general to whom the order was directed for promulgation and execution was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the condemned, and we can readily imagine the joy with which he received it.

He fairly caught the beautiful messenger in his arms, and kissed her; and he went with her to the tent where her father was held, and allowed her to publish the joyful tidings.

And with the dawn of day the prisoners—to the number of over two hundred—were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come, to receive the intelligence of pardon and freedom!

What transpired beyond that can be imagined full as well as we can tell it.

We will only add, that Gustavus Adolphus, by that act of mercy, secured the friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in coming time.

And one other thing.

In less than a year from that time Colonel Ulric Forsby, of the King's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whose sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men.

IN A MERRY PIN.—King Edgar, who was buried in Glastonbury Abbey in 975, to restrain the habits of drunkenness introduced by the Danes, caused pegs to be fixed in drinking cups. Those individuals who below their proper marks were punished. In speaking of a person in high spirits the expression is often used, "He is in merry pin." The original meaning of this was that he had drank below the sober mark or pin.

WEAK Lungs are Cruelly Racked and the general strength gradually wasted by a persistent, deep-seated Cough, which Dr. Jayne's Expectorant may be relied on to cure. You will derive certain benefit from it also if troubled with either Asthma or Bronchitis.

Scientific and Useful

THE USE OF DYNAMITE.—The forester of the Boulogne Wood near Paris, M. Pinsot, says that dynamite can be used with good effect in uprooting and dividing the stumps of large trees, but he states that it is not well to employ it to fell trees which are to be used as timber, as the shock shatters the fibres of the wood.

THE SPARROWS.—The commission appointed by the Government of South Australia to inquire into the matter of the sparrow nuisance have sent in a report. They recommended that the sparrows, who have multiplied excessively, should be destroyed, and that rewards be offered for the heads and eggs of the birds.

TAR AND THE VINE.—Tar has been found to be a preservative against phylloxera. The discoverer says that it is to be prepared and applied in this way: After the tar has been thoroughly mixed with fine sand a quantity of wood ash is added, and the mixture is then placed in a hole dug around the stem of the vine and covered with earth. Spring is the best time to apply this remedy. Perhaps it would also repel the insects that do so much damage to the apple and other fruit trees.

REMOVING INK STAINS.—An article in the *Journal of Pharmacy* recommends to use for this purpose the pyrophosphate of sodium, which does not destroy cellulose, and yields colorless compounds with ferric oxide. Before treating the spot with this salt, it is recommended to let a few drops of tallow, from a candle, fall upon the spot, and then to wash in a solution of the pyrophosphate until tallow and ink-spot have disappeared. If necessary, the operation is to be repeated.

MONOLITHS.—The Egyptian monoliths are outdone. There was a monolith taken from a quarry in Rhode Island, before which all others must sink into insignificance. It measures one hundred and fifty feet long, by eight feet thick, and is estimated to weigh one thousand tons. The owners offer to dress it to the shape of an obelisk, and to erect it in New York for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars: and they are open to contracts for the production of obelisks of any pattern or size.

WIRES AND WOLVES.—It is said that since telegraph wires have been carried throughout Norway wolves have disappeared. It is stated that a wolf will not dare to pass under a rope or line stretched between poles, and that the farmers of Norway were in the habit of taking advantage of this to protect their property from the attack of wolves in the Winter months. Of course, a telegraph system would be a positive boon to the farmers if these curious facts are true, even if the lines were not used for communication.

Farm and Garden.

WHITE-WASHING TREES.—A good agricultural authority says: Do not be afraid to white-wash fruit-trees of all kinds. It looks neat, fresh and nice; and it not only destroys insects and their eggs, but the white coat on the body of the tree reflects the heat, and keeps the inner bark and sap vessels from being scalded and blighted by the rays of the sun. Every fruit grower knows by experience how injurious the blaze of the sun is to the limbs and trunk of a tree.

IN-DOOR WORK.—The importance of now planning work for days when the work must be in-doors, should be more fully appreciated. There are many things about a farm that may then be done in-doors with great advantage. There are tools to be mended, painted, and put in good trim for the time when they will be needed; harnesses to be cleaned and oiled; grain to be fanned; wood to be split, and many other jobs that can be done as well when it rains, as during the brightest sunshine.

STUMPS.—The *Scientific American* gives the following information to those who desire to get rid of stumps on their farms: "In the autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eight inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre, fill the hole with water and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in about a gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes."

SHOEING.—The healthy foot of the colt shows a centre, if not protecting, at least level with the line of the hoof. He does not take his weight wholly on the rim of his feet. Old horses would have feet more like them if blacksmiths would allow that they knew a little less than nature, and really knew enough to read her intentions. The object in shoeing the animal, aside from the occasional one of changing its gait, is simply to prevent the wear and shattering of the outer shell, and to enable it to take a firmer hold of the ground, escaping the slipping of the unshod horn. It is an unfortunate incident of our system of shoeing that the horse is raised from the ground, as a boy is when he mounts stilts.

THAT great Dermatologist, Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, has prepared his favorite prescription for general use and now any person, however poor, can get the benefit of his best treatment for skin disease. It consists of both external and internal treatment.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Terms, Without Premium:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

One copy one year	$2 00
Two copies one year	3 50
Three copies one year	5 00
Four copies one year	6 00
Five copies one year	8 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Twenty copies one year	28 00

☞ An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate. Any member of a club can secure any one of the Diamante Premiums by remitting One Dollar extra.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Important Notice!

☞ As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums	$2.37
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	5.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	7.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 10, 1881.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"A SHADOWED LOVE" and "ARDEN COURT."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMORous.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMINITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

TAKE MY ADVICE.

It is often said that there is nothing so cheap, so plentiful, or so little valued as advice. As generally given, it is simply some portion of our stock of notions, drawn off for the occasion, and fitted in as well as may be, to suit the case in hand.

It is not difficult to do this; it requires very little labor, thought or wisdom, or even much interest in the person we are counseling. But it supposes a certain superiority in us over him, and thus soothes our self-love, flatters our vanity, and gives us a comfortable sense of satisfaction. At the same time we think we are performing a very benevolent act, and doing him a kindness which only ingratitude or stupidity can prevent him from appreciating.

Good advice is, however, something different from all this. Its mainspring is an earnest and sincere desire for the good of the one we counsel, apart from all selfish considerations. This is a rarer thing than we imagine. It is much easier to wish that another may be benefited through our means that to take a keen satisfaction in all the good that comes to him from any and every source. Yet until we can do this we are not in a condition to give advice, for it will unavoidably be so tinged with reference to self that it would not reach his case.

This disinterested regard is the only channel through which we can really find out what is the right thing for him to do in any given case; for only by thorough sympathy can we so enter into his individuality as to see things from this point of view.

It is not very much to the purpose to tell him what we would do in his circumstances, merely substituting our own will for his, nor yet to pronounce dogmatically and without hesitation upon his duty.

The question will naturally arise in his mind, "Why should I adopt another's view instead of my own unless I can see that it is better?" But if we have a real and honest desire to aid him, and a sincere sympathy with him, we shall be able, for the time being, to step out of ourselves, to forget our fancied superiority, our prejudices, our self-interest and self-will—to put ourselves to a great degree in his place, to realize his abilities and disabilities, his knowledge and ignorance, his advantages and disadvantages, his possibilities and impossibilities.

If we did but realize the great difficulty of so appreciating the peculiar position, character and feelings of another so as to find out what was really the best thing for him to do, we should be much more reluctant to give advice than we now are. Instead of pouring it out volubly upon those who do not want it, and will not follow it, we should at least wait until it is sought, and then only give modestly and kindly the best results of our most careful thought and disinterested sympathy.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A BOSTON man, who has been roughly treated by lawyers while on the witness-stand, is agitating the question of a law to protect witnesses from insults of counsel. He proposes that when any subject affecting a witnesses' reputation shall be opened in cross-examination, he shall be privileged to make a full explanation of that matter, regardless of its relevancy.

THE Holy Synod of the Russian Church have issued a decree forbidding priests to refuse the rites of religion in the cases of persons whose deaths have notoriously been caused by the excessive use of spirituous drinks. It is stated that from time immemorial the Russian clergy have been accustomed to class such deaths with suicides, and as such have declined to give the body Christian burial.

—

FROM a recent comparative statement of the carrying trade of the world, it appears that, omitting vessels of less than fifty tons measurement, Europe possesses 42 tons to every 1,000 inhabitants, America 40, and Australia 79, while Asia and Africa have only two tons per 1,000. Liverpool ranks as the most important port in the world, with a tonnage of 2,647,688; London second, with 2,350,088; Glasgow third, with 1,429,364, and New York fourth, with something like 1,158,676 tons.

—

LORD CARLINGFORD, in recently distributing prizes to some successful candidates in the Oxford local examinations, advanced very revolutionary opinions in regard to the maintenance of caste in the British schools. He thought that different social classes might well send their children to the same schools, provided the schools were good. He saw no reason why children up to a certain age should not sit together on the benches of the same elementary school. This would seem to be enough to make the British lion roar again.

—

MOODY and Sankey seem to have given the *Medical Press*, of London, alarm, for it says of their visit, in warning tones. "We are concerned in the interest of impressionable females and weak-minded young men, to notice the arrival in England of Moody and Sankey, of explosive revival fame. Former experience of the pernicious influence of the hystero-religious mania with which these clever men were identified, leads us to hope that most people will guard against an undue preponderance of the emotional passion."

THE Presbyterian clergymen of Cleveland have been discussing the propriety of furnishing the manuscripts of their sermons on Sunday evenings for publication in the Monday papers. A diversity of opinion exists on the subject. Some of the ministers hold that the publication of religious discourse is akin to preaching, and therefore that suitable preparation for their appearance the following day is perfectly legitimate employment of the Sabbath. Others are willing to furnish their manuscripts to the papers after midnight, or upon condition that they shall not be put in type until after midnight.

—

EUROPEAN papers are talking of the possibility of American wheat being eventually driven out of the markets of Europe by grain from Tunis. Land can be bought in Tunis, it is said, for half the price it costs in the Western States of the American Union, and it is so fertile that it will yield two crops in the year. The quality of the grain, moreover, is equal to that of the much-prized Hungarian wheat. Excellent horses, though of a lighter breed, can be bought for a fraction of the cost of horses in the United States, and draught horses for less than one-half the American price. The cost of transportation is also much less. Northern Africa may yet become a formidable rival to American farmers.

—

THE late Lord Mayor of London, just before the expiration of his year of office, called a public meeting to consider the need of establishing telegraphic communication between ocean lighthouses and lightships and the land. It is a wonder that so important, yet so easy, an undertaking has not been thought of before. Sometimes the keepers of lighthouses are out of reach of mankind for weeks together, and are unable to give information of any disaster to shipping which may happen under their eyes. An experiment was made some time ago in sending messages to land by carrier pigeons: but in tempestuous nights, when their aid was most needed, the clever little birds refused to leave the shelter of the lighthouse.

—

ALL country dwellings in Mexico are castles on a smaller scale, always prepared for a siege, and with dark, suspicious-looking loopholes commanding all approaches. There is a charm in the wild characteristics of this land. There is a delicious tremor of excitement in passing through the haunts of robber bands and fierce highwaymen, even if it is only in a prosy, modern steam train, and perhaps one of the chief charms of this sense of possible (even if improbable) danger is that the most dangerous places are always the loveliest; in among the fierce old mountains, with their frowning beauty and their mighty voices of flood and cataract thundering continually; where the wind wails with almost human tones, and the eagle screams exulting in its freedom—there it seems almost right that man should be lawless and cruel. It is only in conformity to the dominant spirit of the place.

—

THE LONDON *Press* speaks of us as the best dancers in the world, and says of some fashions in dancing that we have given them: "Among the novelties which have followed one another has been the practice of reversing. It requires much practice to do it well, but it is an accomplishment which, once attained, it is very difficult to forego. It is delightful for the couple who reverse, and it is rather perplexing for those who do not. None but very good dancers can manage it, and the tendency of its introduction is to keep the ball-room in the possession of a few couples." Reversing in dancing has long been so common with us that this paragraph reads strangely. In an American ball-room it would be singular to find a dancer who did not reverse. We have long ago forgotten any difficulty there might have been in acquiring the accomplishment.

—

THE Duke of Sutherland has just placed himself at the head of a company for the purchase of sixty square miles of land on the line of railroad to Omaha, for the purpose of founding a colony of Scotchmen. This step is supposed to be taken in anticipation of some great changes about to take place in the administration of the Duke's estates in Scotland, consequent on observations made on his recent visit over here. Some years ago the world was disturbed by the departure for New Zealand, from his grandmother's estate, of a whole clan, with its young chief at its head, leaving the land, untilled and untenanted, to be used for shooting moors. The young chief has recently returned, an aged man, but the children will remain settled in the land of plenty to which they were driven, and in which they have formed new ties.

—

THE privations and discomforts of the brethren who serve as "home missionaries" in the distant West are great and various. One of these missionaries writes to an Elmira church and tells some of his trouble. His house was built of cottonwood lumber, which twists and splits, leaving large rents and cracks. In one of these big cracks his daughter found two formidable snakes. He went with his family to visit a neighbor who lived in a "dug-out," which is something like a cellar or cave with a roof over it. In this cheerless structure the missionary's family and the people who lived there had to pack for the night as best they could, for a rain storm prevented the visitors from going home. At daybreak the missionary's wife counted a couple of dozen toads ambling about the apartment. This self-denying man has been obliged to spend $500 of his money in order to supplement his meagre salary sufficiently to procure the necessaries of life for his family. He thinks that he will not "be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease."

THE Sisters of St. Augustine's, Kilburn, London, have put an entirely new construction on the apostolic injunction to feed the hungry. The waitresses are the orphans whom this society adopts and educates. All honor to so useful and practical a work. To give the workingman in London a really good dinner, at prices well within his means, to supply it under conditions where there is no temptation to drink, to serve it with decency and cleanliness, in a manner which educates his self-respect, is a work of no mean order. The Sisters are thus described: "There they are, in black serge gowns, flannel head-dress, with spotless linen bands, plying knife, fork, and soup ladle, as busy as bees and as quiet, and so clean. The waiter—another surprise. Not a hungry, greasy, tip-hunting waiter, nor a sulky, sooty slattern, but a modest little maiden twelve or thirteen years of age, dressed in a blue frock with a neat overall apron and a mob cap." The tables are marble slabs. The tariff is low, and the quantity liberal. Soup, good, warming, nourishing stuff, with plenty of meat and vegetable backbone, 4 cents; bread, 1 cent. Terms, cash on delivery. Beefsteak, pudding 10 cents, potatoes, 2 cents. Total dinner 17 cents.

—

IN a dark cellar of the Julius Tower at Spandau, Prussia, lies a vast hulk of gold coin equal to about thirty million dollars, laid aside from Germany's gains by the war of 1870-71, as a provision of hard cash wherewith to defray the mobilization and other preliminary expenses of the next campaign undertaken by the Empire. This fund is absolutely unproductive, and may be said to have cost the German nation half its total amount in foregone interest since it was first lodged in its subterranean repository. A few days ago the annual inspection of the treasure by the Imperial Commissioners took place. A specially detailed section of the Prussian Guard assisted the two Commissioners in the laborious task of counting over the contents of twelve hundred canvas bags, each containing one hundred thousand marks, or twenty-five thousand dollars. The massive iron door closing the domicile of all this wealth can only be opened by the simultaneous action of two keys, masterpieces of the locksmith's art, one of which is in the possession of either Commissioner. The exact time at which the door is unlocked and relocked, as well as every circumstance, however minute, connected with the process of revision, are registered on the spot in a protocol signed by the officials before leaving the fortress, and attested by the Governor in person. During the inspection the Tower guards are doubled; at its conclusion the Commissioners turn their keys in the locks at one and the same moment, are escorted to the gates of the fortress, and take their departure for Berlin, leaving the infructuous millions to darkness and seclusion for another year.

ON YOUR GRAVE.

BY ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Love, on your grave in the ground,
Sweet flowers I planted are growing;
Lilies and violets abound,
Pansies border it round,
And cowslips all of my sowing;
A creeper is trying to cover
Your name with a kiss like a lover.

Dear on your grave, in my heart,
Grow flowers you planted when living,
Memories that cannot depart,
Faith in life's holier part,
Love, all of your giving;
And Hope, climbing higher, is surer
To reach you as life grows purer.

A Woman's Faith.

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"Very well said Sir George. "No extra trouble must be given in the house. I will write to Crosby at once, and send the letter by an express messenger. He will be here to-morrow."

He sat down again at the table.

"Papa," said Letitia, when the letter was half written, "excuse me but shall you take him to the ball? If so, you had better tell him to bring his uniform."

"I suppose they will be glad to see him?" said Sir George doubtfully.

"O, fancy the delight of the Miss Barretts! A new partner, and an officer too!"

"Very true, poor girls. And Crosby is an agreeable fellow," said Sir George, so unsuspiciously that Letitia was ashamed of herself.

A man and horse were sent off to London through the snow.

Miss Monkton, in high spirits, tried on her dress and ornaments, and figured before the glass in her own room, till Mrs. Bushe, who was looking on, gave a little sigh.

"What is the matter?" said Letitia, looking round.

"Nothing, my dear. Only I should like to feel that your thoughts sometimes travelled beyond your own amusement."

"And don't they?" said Letitia. "I expect to amuse many people besides myself and among them—hush! This ball of Humphrey Barrett's will not be so bad after all."

Mrs. Bushe, in spite of her gentle good-nature, could not bring herself to rejoice in Captain Crosby's coming.

Considering Letitia's excitability, and the fancy she had already taken to the young officer, she thought it a serious risk

She debated with herself whether she ought to have warned Sir George of this before the messenger started; but Sir George had said so firmly that it was a matter of necessity, and whatever nonsense Letitia might talk, there could be no doubt of the real dignity and honorableness of her nature.

Still she was a very headstrong girl, as no one knew better than Florinda.

Miss Monkton was a little vexed by her cousin's want of sympathy.

She took off all her finery and wrapped herself up in a scarlet cloak and hood, looking like winter in its prettiest form.

Then she went out and walked about the garden, disdaining to stay in the paths that had been swept for her, and wandering away into the shrubberies.

There she walked under the trees, which now and then played at snowballing, dropping soft white lumps from their heavy-laden twigs upon her cloak.

It was a pleasant afternoon, not very cold.

All the clouds had cleared away, and the yellow sun, hanging low in the south-west, shone softly in a pale-blue sky.

The shrubbery, along which Letitia was walking, bordered the road for some distance: this was to her left.

To her right, beyond the belt of trees and bushes, a little river moved slowly, black by contrast with its glistening white banks, and the great field that stretched away in front of the house and garden.

At the farthest end of the shrubbery, which she presently reached, a light wooden bridge crossed the river, leading into the field, and some rather crazy wooden palings and a shallow backwater, partly frozen over, divided her from the road.

Letitia stood still a moment looking about her, and was rather startled in that quiet place by hearing voices on the road a little way off.

In those terrible times of distress the roads to London were full of tramps and beggars of every kind, and Letitia was never allowed to walk out by herself beyond the grounds.

Even here in the shrubbery any determined beggar might reach her very easily, and she was a long way from the house.

But that certainly was not the voice of a beggar. Letitia stepped from the path, and made her way through the snowy bushes till she could see down the road.

A postchaise was stopping there, with a pair of tired-looking horses. The driver was busy examining the feet of one of them, and the passenger was standing by him on the snowy road, a good deal interested in what was going on.

"Have you never been on this road before, then?" Letitia heard him say, in a clear, pleasant, impatient voice.

The driver grumbled something in answer.

"What a fool you were, then, not to ask your way in that last village we passed through! We may have miles further to go, and the horse is dead lame. Your looking at his feet will do no good. I see a house through the trees up there. I shall go on and ask the way."

He acted so instantly on this determination, that before Letitia had quite retired into the shrubbery he had caught a glimpse of her red cloak.

He came close to the water's edge and stopped. Some instinct made her stop too.

"Will you do me a great favor? he said, in so courteous and agreeable a voice that Letitia came quite frankly forward to the palings, and made him a polite bow. Seeing this little picture of a lady smiling in her scarlet hood among the snow, he took off his hat with almost the air of a Frenchman, and looked at her for an instant in silence.

Letitia afterwards remembered an unpleasant thought that came over her just then.

"O dear! I hoped Crosby might be something like this, and there certainly can't be two of them."

The hero of the postchaise was a tall young man, with decided and handsome features, a charming smile, and black hair curling closely.

There was something slightly foreign about him, a lively eagerness of manner, which showed itself in the first moment of acquaintance.

In his talk, too, there was a little accent of some kind; Letitia hardly knew what. Her imagination had no time to work; the stranger revealed himself so soon.

"I shall be happy to do anything I can," said Letitia sweetly.

"A thousand thanks. Can you tell me how far I am from Sir George Monkton's?"

"O, what fun! Is it possible!" thought Letitia, opening her eyes. She smiled as she answered.

"You are there already. The house is at the end of this shrubbery; you see it through the trees."

"I had no idea I was so fortunate. Is it possible, then, that I have the honor of speaking to Miss Monkton?"

Letitia graciously smiled her assent.

"Allow me to introduce myself. You may have heard my name, Crosby."

"O yes. Papa often talks of you,"

"Does he, indeed! May I send the chaise on to the house? I will be with you directly."

Letitia stood in her snowy corner, in quite a whirl of delighted amusement. This was better than ten balls.

Captain Crosby rushed down the road, and returned the next moment with a roll of papers in his hand.

"How will you get across the water?" said Letitia, seeing that he quite meant to join her in the shrubbery.

"Water! O, here are stepping-stones."

Letitia was not aware of their existence; but somehow, with one or two splashes, and a hand on the fence, Captain Crosby was by her side.

"You have chosen a snowy walk," he said.

"The snow comes so seldom that I quite enjoy it," said Letitia.

They turned into the path, and walked slowly back towards the house.

Captain Crosby's business with his chief did not seem to be anything very urgent, but presently he remembered that his appearance might as well be accounted for.

"I must explain my sudden arrival," he said. "Sir George does not expect me, I know."

"You did not meet his messenger?" said Letitia, looking up.

"His messenger!"

"He found this morning that he could not do without you and sent off a man to ask you to come down at once and bring some papers that he wanted. So we expected you to-morrow, though not to-day."

"You have told me the only thing I wanted to make me perfectly happy. Those very papers are in this pocket. I have information for Sir George, too, which I should not have cared to send by letter."

There was a moment's silence. Letitia was aware by this time that Captain Crosby had beautiful dark-blue eyes, and certainly a most graceful and charming manner.

She was also aware that he expressed, without words, a deep admiration for herself.

All this was very delightful, and the least bit confusing.

She walked along, looking down at the snow.

Captain Crosby looked at her.

"I hardly know how I shall get back to town to-night," he said. "One of my horses has fallen lame, most fortunately—I beg your pardon a thousand times. You may be of a different opinion."

Letitia was too truthful to be a flirt, and had had no experience.

"To-night! I should think not!" she said. "We are going to-morrow to Mrs. Barrett's ball, and papa said you would go with us."

"I am immensely pleased to hear it," said Captain Crosby.

His want of home and connections did not seem to have any effect on his spirits; there was a free frank light-heartedness about him which made it quite impossible to treat him with any stiffness.

A dangerous adventurer, certainly, as Mrs. Bushe had feared, and she, with her larger experience of men, might not have felt Letitia's ready trust in him.

Mrs. Barrett's ball was an amusing subject to talk about. By the time they reached the house the General's daughter and his aide-de-camp were on a footing of intimate acquaintance that Humphrey Barrett might in vain have hoped to reach with Miss Monkton.

Sir George was very glad to see Crosby, told him so, and sent off another messenger after the first for his baggage.

Crosby himself was all that every one could wish; devoted to business with his chief; full of polite attention to Mrs. Bushe, who had to confess that he was very agreeable.

And as to Letitia, when she saw what was so plain, that evening and the next day, that he belonged to her all the time, and watched for every opportunity of being near her and talking to her, she felt happy and a little frightened, and did not quite know what to make of this almost magical fulfilment of her wish.

CHAPTER III.

SIR GEORGE MONKTON'S carriage and horses had a hard task in ploughing through the snow in the hilly lanes that led up to the Castle.

The drive was twice as long as usual; but the people in the carriage bore it patiently enough.

Even Letitia did not complain.

Captain Crosby, though perhaps he hardly told himself so, would have been quite happy to sit opposite her for any number of hours, as long as the lamplight just shone on her face in such a perfectly becoming manner.

He had admired her very much from the first, but to-night she was lovelier than ever.

Crosby considered himself a great critic, and when she had come down into the drawing-room before they started, he had been at once struck by the good taste which had dressed her simply in white, with quiet little ornaments that any girl might have worn.

Crosby was one of those Irishmen who know the right thing instinctively when they see it, without any theories to found their knowledge on.

But people were not so much bothered with theories in those days; they liked and disliked by instinct or tradition.

In some way Crosby was satisfied, and made up his mind, perhaps presumptuously, when one considers all the facts of the case.

He was turning over different plans in his head as they sat in the carriage, and was therefore a little more silent than he had been before.

Letitia herself seemed to be in a wonderful state of happy excitement. She chattered away almost faster and more freely than Sir George approved; but even he could not find it in his heart to check her.

So they all arrived very cheerfully at the Castle.

This was a large square house, built on the top of a hill.

The present Squire Barrett's great grandfather had lived in the remains of an old castle on the same site; but his son, a man of more enlightened mind, not being able to put up with the ghosts, rats, and other inconveniences that he found there, pulled it down and did away with it altogether, and built a most satisfactory family mansion in its place.

One might have hunted England over before one found anything much squarer, taller, or more prosaic; but the Barretts were a good sensible old family, and their motto had always been "use before ornament."

So the present generation never complained of their house, or did anything but honor their grandfather for having built it.

The carriage drew at a broad flight of steps, covered with an awning.

Sir George and his aide-de-camp got out at once.

At Mrs. Barrett's request they were both in uniform, and very well they looked. Sir George gave his arm to Mrs. Bushe, and took her into the house.

Captain Crosby had the happiness of following with Letitia.

"Do you mean to enjoy the evening?" he said to her.

"O yes, indeed. I do love a ball."

"You will give me the honor of the first dance?"

"Certainly, with pleasure."

"I'd have gone a thousand miles, of course, with this at the end of it; but on the whole I believe I have no passion for balls. It is a moral defect, I know; you need not tell me so. I am very much ashamed."

"Ah," said Letitia, "but you have been to so many, no doubt. This is only the fourth in my life."

"I wish it was only the fourth in mine, or the first, for that matter," said Captain Crosby. "There was one other, though, that interested me, in a different way. The Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels, the night before Quatre Bras."

"Ah, you were there!"

The deep enthusiastic interest in Letitia's eyes, as she lifted them to his face, would have been too much for any soldier.

"Yes. It has been described to you often no doubt, by Sir George and everybody else."

"People have told me about it, but I should like to hear again. How splendid and how awful it must have been, the distant cannon breaking in upon the music!" said Letitia, in a low voice.

"Yes; even to those who expected it, as many of us did. I remember poor Smith—my predecessor, you know. He told me, before we went to the ball, of his engagement to a girl we all admired prodigiously. There he was, of course, dancing with her, she looking more beautiful, more happy than any one in the room, and he such a fine manly fellow. I caught sight of her at midnight, when they had just parted; it was indeed a change; she never saw him again, you know. Forgive me; I have no right to sadden you like this. For Heaven's sake, smile! Such things must happen in time of war, and if a man dies a death that his friends need not be ashamed of, why, then—How could I be such a fool!"

Letitia had hung down her head, her cheeks had lost all their pretty color, and her eyes had filled with tears.

They were slowly crossing the wide hall, on their way to the drawing-room, where their party had just been announced.

Captain Crosby bent towards his companion with a smile of tender interest and admiration, and slightly pressed the hand that lay on his arm.

At the moment Letitia could not speak, but she recovered herself almost directly.

Near the drawing-room door several servants were standing.

Captain Crosby stared so hard at one of them that the man bowed to him.

He frowned, and returned the salute slightly.

Then he and Letitia, following Sir George and Mrs. Bushe, found themselves being received by Mrs. Barrett in the drawing-room.

She was a short, plain, sensible-looking woman, and seemed the brightest of the family, though her manner was provokingly down-right, and devoid of any kind of "nonsense."

Her two daughters were large fair girls, who looked meek and surprised, as if all the nonsence had been crushed out of them from childhood.

Her husband was tall, square, and heavy, and had not much to say.

Her only son, the Humphrey of Letitia's aversion, was a tall fellow too, very like his father, but with more life and quickness in his eyes, and a truly English haughtiness of manner, with something of the bully in it towards people he choose to consider beneath him.

He wore his scarlet hunting-coat, and looked well enough, but could not get rid of a countrified air, which was very evident in contrast with Captain Crosby's elegance.

Nearly everybody in the county was assembled in the Castle drawing-room that evening. Music was just beginning to strike up in the adjoining ballroom.

Great fires were blazing; Christmas wreaths hung about in all directions.

The peace with France had raised everybody's spirits, and it seemed quite right to welcome in the new year with music and dancing.

Humphrey Barrett walked up to Miss Monkton, as she sat by Mrs. Bushe, Sir George having taken Crosby away to introduce him to some of the gentlemen, and asked her for the first dance with a confident air; he evidently thought it nothing but his right.

"Thank you," said Letitia; "but I have promised it to Captain Crosby."

"That's too bad," said Humphrey, trying to hide his disgust under a joke. "You should not have let a stranger forestall your neighbors."

Letitia raised her eyebrows and smiled slightly, but gave no answer to this ill-mannered speech.

Humphrey saw that he had made a bad beginning.

He asked her for the next dance, which she was obliged to promise him, and then stood by her, talking rather tiresomely about the weather, till Captain Crosby came to carry his partner away.

The ball went on like other balls. Letitia danced several times with Crosby, and several times with Humphrey Barrett, and once or twice with other gentleman.

She was the beauty of the evening, and many people would have been only too glad to dance with her, if they had seen any chance for themselves.

Perhaps some of the humbler ones were dissuaded by the scowls of young Barrett who stood by her during two or three of her dances with Crosby, and glowered after them in a way that even shocked his mother, who came up and begged him to dance with Miss So-and-so.

Crosby behaved much more philosphicsly; perhaps one can understand that.

If his chief admiration was for Miss Monkton, his politness, his pleasant talk and perfect dancing were quite at the service of any young lady to whom he was introduced.

He made the Miss Barretts smile and blush, brightened the shy and stiff and laughed with the lively.

If it was true that he did not care for balls, no one there, at least, seemed to find more enjoyment in this one.

Sir George sat down to play whist with some of the older people.

Mrs. Bushe sat with some of the other ladies, and watched the dancing.

They did not find her very sociable, for her eyes and thoughts were following Letitia, who came back to her now and then looking more happy and brilliant than ever.

Once Letitia was sitting down by her cousin, and Captain Crosby was standing by waiting for one of their dances.

They were rather silent at the moment, for the continual chatter of the rest of the room did not seem to be necessary here.

Letitia was leaning back fanning herself, and Crosby was looking at her, and talking in a rather broken way to Mrs. Bushe, who answered him absently.

Humphrey Barrett, who had been watching them from a distance, came up and stood by them. The slightest smile curled Crosby's lips as he turned to speak to him.

"I saw a man among your servants in the hall," he said, "who was with me not long ago."

"With you!" said Humphrey.

"Yes. Roger Vance."

"His last place was with Major Clark. I had his character from him. He is my own man."

"Do you like him?"

"Capital fellow—can do anything."

"So he can," said Crosby. "He was with me six months, though, after he left Major

Clark; but I suppose he hardly thought it worth while to apply to me."

"Major Clark gave me a very satisfactory account of him," said Humphrey, with some stiffness.

Crosby took no further notice of him, but turned to Miss Monkton, and led her away to dance. As they walked along the room, he said to her:

"Mr. Barrett seems completly satisfied with that man of his, but I could tell him that he is a rascal. I turned him off for theft. And in my opinion his character is written on his face."

"Why did not you say so?"

"One has to consider before one takes a fellow's character away. It would deprive him, you see, of all chance in life. You can see the justice of that, I am quite sure. He will perhaps keep honest now, for his own sake."

It appeared to Letitia that her hero was as perfect in justice and mercy as in more showy virtues.

Meanwhile, Humphrey sat down by Mrs. Bushe, and began to entertain her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Young Folks.

SAVING MY DINNER.

BY J. DEMPSTER.

MY little dog, Charlie, did such a clever thing the other day, that I am sure you will all of you like to hear about it.

I must begin my story by telling you that there is a poor half-witted man who lives in my neighborhood.

His name is—well, I suppose I had better not tell his real name—but the boys, who generally delight in teasing anybody who can be teased, and who take a foolish delight in repeating anything with a jingling sound, have given him the nickname of Silly Willy, and by that name I think I shall call him.

I have no fear of wounding his feelings by letting him see his objectionable name in print, for he could not read this even if he should chance to see it.

I said objectionable, because Willy does object very much to his nickname.

Sometimes, when his tormentors, the boys, follow him, shouting, "Silly Willy" in a loud but not melodious chorus, he will turn round, dash his hat (a very shabby one, you may be sure) upon the ground, and dance upon it in great anger, shouting, "Dum-dum-dan-dee!" at the pitch of his voice.

Whenever he is angry, or in pain, the above is the cry he utters.

I cannot tell what he means by it.

He is very poor, and has only the charity of kind people to depend upon for his support.

Well, one afternoon, Willy came into my kitchen for his usual daily allowance of bread and milk. It happens that a beef-steak was being broiled, and, as the cook turned and tossed it about, the savory odor assailed poor Willy with such powerful temptation that, as he munched his oat-cake and sipped his milk, he began to make cunning plans to get the steak.

He knew that the cook would be deaf to all his powers of persuasion, but he thought if he could manage to send her away for a few minutes he might make off with the envied morsel, all the other servants being out of the way; so he began politely and slyly.

"Weel, ma'am, what thing ye o' the news?"

"What news?" said cook, contemptuously.

"Eh, ma'am!" cried Willy, "ha'e ye not heard that there's a fine ship ashore atween this an' Carness?

"She's come fra furrin parts, an' is load' wi' all kinds o' silks an gran' things.

"The folk are sayin' that the puir men in her are half dead wi' hunger, an' they're gi'ing the gran' things to anybody that'll gi'e them a bit to eat."

"Why did ye not tell me that afore, ye daffy?" said the cook, thinking, probably, that she might as well have a share of the "gran' things;" and apprehensive of losing her chance by delay. "I ha'e some fine scones an' cheese here, that I am sure the pair fellows would be welcome to. I'll jist rin doon to the beach an' tak' the victuals wi' me. It's a shame to think o' the puir creatures starvin' so near us, an' plenty in the house. Gi'e the steak a turn, Willy, an' I'll be back directly."

So saying, she took the scones and cheese, and set off to hunt for the "puir fellows," or, rather, the "silks and gran' things;" for in her greed of gain she quite forgot her duty, as well as her hungry master upstairs.

Yes, for the dinner-hour was now past, and I, her master, was beginning to be impatient, when my attention was attracted by loud and furious barking downstairs, then tones of a voice in angry expostulation and distress.

I recognized my dog's bark, and, as the noise continued, I ran downstairs, where a comical scene presented itself.

There was Willy, a few paces from the kitchen-door, evidently in a state of great excitement, dancing about like a bear on hot irons, frantically attempting to pass the dog, which gallantly opposed him, and elicited from the poor silly man shouts of:

"Dum-dum-dan-dee! Down, sir! Dum-dum!—The dog is mad!—Dan-dee! Oh!—ah!—oh! Dum-dan-dee!" concluded Willy stamping as if in agony, and making a dart to pass the dog.

But Charlie showed two gleaming rows of pretty white, dangerous teeth, and rushed at Willy's legs in such a determined way that the poor man jumped back in a hurry, and, as if in despair, dashed his old hat off his head, and out of it rolled the smoking steak.

Willy still continued hopping about, clasping his hands on his steaming head, and wiping off the gravy that was trickling down his cheeks, at the same time shouting to Charlie.

"Tak' it, man! tak' it! Dan-dee! dan-dee! I had a hot fight for it, but—dum-dum! —it was no use! Na! na! Dan-dee! dan-dee!" and Willy wrung his dripping locks.

You must not fancy that all this took a long time to enact, and that I was calmly looking on. It all happened in a minute or two, as I was coming downstairs but I saw and heard all through the door, and came up just at the moment that Willy, tortured by the scalding steak on his head, threw it down, and commanded the dog to take it.

Charlie crouched at my feet, wagging his tail, and looking up with his pretty, bright eyes, as though he would have said, "I have done a clever thing. Pat me and say thank you, sir!"

As I looked round in the kitchen and saw Willy's discarded basin of cakes and milk, the steak in one corner and the hat in another, the whole thing dawned upon me, and I had a hearty laugh.

I could not scold the poor man, for his temptation had been great, namely the savoury odour of a nice beef-steak being cooked almost under his nose, and he so hungry.

I do not wish to excuse his dishonesty, but I wish my little friends to remember that Willy had lost the greater part of his senses, consequently he could not reason or think so to distinguish right from wrong.

You have been taught that it is wrong to steal; but the poor silly man did not even know it was wrong to help himself to my dinner.

For you see when the cook left the house he had snatched the steak, popped it into his hat as the most convenient place to conceal it in, and would have run away with it had not watchful little Charlie been on the alert and prevented him.

The dog had the steak as a reward for his cleverness; and as it would be very wrong to punish poor Willy for his unfortunate lack of sense, he still comes every day for his dinner of bread and milk.

I think I should also tell you that the cook was so ashamed of being tricked by "Silly Willy"—for there had been no shipwreck, he had only said that to send her out of the way—and she seemed so sorry for her fault, that I am going to keep her. She has had a lesson that will do her good in future.

THE WOLF AND THE BOAR.—One very cold day the wolf found it hard to get a meal. In this state he met with the fox.

"Ah," said the fox, "I have good news for you. If you are as fond of pork as I am I can tell you where an enormous pig is to be met with. He's rather more than I can manage myself, so if you like we will go shares in him."

The wolf was delighted. There was nothing he liked better than pork, and many a young pig had fallen a victim to his appetite, to the great annoyance of the farmers in those parts.

"He knows my voice," said the fox, "so he won't come out of his den for me; but if you tap gently and say a friend wishes to see him, he will be out at once. Then you must pin him by the throat, and I will come up and help you." If you get a firm grasp, and hold on, there will not be the slightest difficulty."

"Never fear," replied the wolf; "I am a match for a pig any day; and besides, I am ravenous with hunger, and shall make an extra exertion to get such a delicious meal."

"Well, good fortune to you," replied the fox, "and I hope you will rid the world of that creature, for he is quite a nuisance."

Away went the wolf, and did exactly as the fox had directed, but instead of the fine fat pig, out rushed a fierce wild boar.

The wolf was so astonished that he fell back as if shot, and then recovering himself made the best use possible of his legs, and by good fortune arrived at home in safety.

When he told his mother, a wise old wolf what had happened she said—

"My son, when a stranger tells you of something that is to be greatly to your advantage, always inform yourself that all he tells you is true. If the boar had been only a fine fat pig you may be sure that the fox would have told you nothing whatever about him."

THE NEW CURATIVE SYSTEM.—We have frequently been asked whether Holman's Pad is really what it claims to be or not.

We can very readily answer that inquiry. In our opinion, Holman's Pad is just what it claims to be. We have worn it ourselves and found benefit, notwithstanding that we were skeptical from the beginning. We have also heard it highly commended by our friends. The Pad is comparatively a new thing, and this is why so many people fail to appreciate it. Vaccination and anæsthetics had to fight their way into the popular mind, but how grandly they have succeeded! It argues a lack of common sense to cry down the absorptive theory in these days. The unprecedented success of the Holman Pad Company has induced unprincipled parties to imitate and counterfeit their remedies, and of these imitations and counterfeits we would warn the public to beware. They are well calculated to deceive but are worthless. The genuine article bears the proprietary stamp of the Company.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway N. Y.

THOSE GIRLS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

THE TREVORS have invited us for one of those splendid days at Trevor Place. They send a card for you, knowing you are with us. You'll go, of course, Cousin Barberry?" So said Mrs. Parker smiling on her cousin, as he held a letter in her hand.

"I? Thank you—no, Eliza," replied Cousin Barberry, not too graciously. "I prefer to spend the day in the library. Company bores me."

"We shan't all be married folks, you know," said Mr. Parker, laughing. "There will be plenty of young ladies."

Mr. Barberry drew himself up in his chair, and spoke sternly.

"Young ladies, Parker, don't attract me. The modern girl is a thing of airs and affectation, and yet a romp. She is neither natural nor elegant. She talks jargon; wears a great gay hat on one side of her head; pins up her massive back hair with something like a gilt pitch-fork, and frizzles her front hair with hot irons. She wears heels like stilts, and pinches her waist. She slaps men with her fan. She giggles. Sometimes she has a little dog that she drags about with a cord—disgusting pair! She flirts, and marries nobody who cannot offer her a fortune. Young ladies! Bah! If possible, they are worse than the rest of the world."

"What a cross old bachelor you are getting to be, Oliver," said Mrs. Parker; "and we had invited a young lady to go with us just because you were here."

"Ah, I don't wish to be impolite," said Mr. Barberry. You meant it kindly, I am sure; but at thirty-eight, Eliza, I have seen the world. I know what it is. I wish I did not."

He took the newspaper as he spoke, and sauntered out into the garden.

"How provoking for Tilly," said Mrs. Parker.

"Oh, he'll go," said Mr. Parker; "I know him of old. Besides, he has not seen Tilly."

Mrs. Parker gave a despairing shrug of the shoulders, and answered, "No."

Cousin Barberry walked about the garden with his paper, and read, with great satisfaction an article on the vast superiority of the women of the days of yore over those of to-day.

But it must be confessed that on the morning of the long contemplated gala-day he made a careful toilet in expectation of meeting the unknown fair one at breakfast.

She was there in a pale blue muslin morning dress, and with her smooth, pale, brown braids hanging down her back. She was a pleasure little creature, and said very little; but Mr. Barberry having once looked at her, never removed his eyes from her face; and as breakfast was over he drew his host aside and whispered in his ear, "Parker, is it too late? May I go?"

"Oh, we'll be delighted," said his friend; and thereupon Mr. Barberry announced his intention of joining the company.

"You see, Parker," he said as the ladies left the room to prepare for the trap—"you see that is a young lady in a thousand."

"Think so? said Parker;

"Why certainly. No frizzes, no high heels—no nonsense about her, in fact."

"Oh I always liked Tilly," said Mr. Parker.

For half an hour the gentlemen smoked. Then came a pattering sound upon the stairs—and into the room walked Tilly, but, alas for her unhappy escort! Till metamorphosed. Her hair was frizzled her heels were of the largest; on her arms she wore bangles.

"Don't I look nice?" she said, addressing Mr. Parker.

"Of course you do," replied that gentleman. Tilly looked at Mr. Barberry out of the corners of her eyes, but that bachelor did not lash himself into fury and instantly decline to be of the party; on the contrary, he sat with his head on one side, and an expression or rather sheepy admiration overspreading his countenance.

"In general," he faltered—as one forced to the confession—"in general, as my friend Parker knows, I do not admire frizzed hair, but really, if I may be permitted to say it, Miss Tilly, it is wonderfully becoming to you. It seems to throw a soft shadow over the brow, and—and—it really—it really—it—it's so becoming."

"But why do you wear high heels, Tilly?" said Mr. Parker.

"You don't want me to wear flat prunella shoes and have feet like a turtle, do you?" pouted Tilly.

"They are such pretty boots," sighed Mr. Barberry. "Really, such very pretty boots, but, then, your feet are so small, Miss Tilly. On large, coarse feet, I detest high heels."

"He'll do," whispered Mr. Parker to his wife, as they stepped into the carriage together. Meanwhile Tilly stood laughing in the porch.

"I declare I've forgotten two things," she said. "Oh, Eliza, I was going without my hat."

"Let me run and get it," said Barberry.

"Oh, please—and bring Fido, too, won't you?" cried Tilly; "he's tied to the leg of the dining-room table."

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Barberry, turning pale.

"My little pug," said Tilly—"the dearest little fellow. I always take him everywhere with me."

Barberry walked away.

In a few moments he returned.

In one hand he held a dashing little hat, in the other he held one end of a blue ribbon, the other being fastened to the collar of a black-nosed little pug-dog.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Barberry," cried Tilly, deftly sticking the gay hat exactly on the left side of her head, and seizing Fido in her arms. "Now isn't he a beautiful little creature? Shake his paw."

"The little beauty," said Barberry, obeying. "Do you know, Miss Tilly, I do not generally like dogs, but this is the nicest little fellow. Let me hold him for you. Be careful how you step in—stoop your head. If you were to spoil that lovely hat of yours, I should not forgive you. Really I can't see why it is that some ladies find such lovely things, and others are so unfortunate."

Oh what a drive that was for Barberry!

On the road a party of pedestrians met and stopped them.

"Oh, Nelly," cried Tilly, "where are you going?"

"For ferns," laughed the other girl. "Isn't it fun?"

"Oh, yes," said Tilly; "I love fern parties."

"Come to see me to-morrow afternoon," called one of the party.

"Not to-morrow at; some other at," shrieked Tilly, with ecstatic laughter, and so they parted.

"Slang!" whispered Mrs. Parker to her spouse.

"What a tease you are!" said the entranced Barberry to Miss Tilly.

It was late in the afternoon that, somewhere in the woods, Barberry sat beside Miss Tilly, watching with tender gaze the interesting disappearance of her sixth plate of ice-cream. Fido was on her knee.

"Miss Tilly," Barberry was saying, "I don't think the poets are wrong—when one does fall in love it is instantaneously. I adore you! Do you think you could like me well enough to marry me?"

"I've only known you one day, Mr Barberry," replied Tilly. "I think you are awfully nice, but——"

"Too old?" sighed Barberry.

"Just the right age," said Tilly; "but—oh! it's so sudden."

"I know it," said Barberry. "But, you see, I am in a position to make a wife comfortable. I have a nice estate, a town house, and ten thousand a year. Ask the Parkers all about me; they know—I'm their faraway cousin."

"How splendid!" said Tilly. "Frankly, I would not marry a very poor man. I shouldn't like to be pinched, and I know it would be awful not to have nice things. Aunt Jerkin gives me everything nice; but I'm an orphan, you know, I haven't a penny of my own."

"Have all I possess. Marry me," said Barberry.

"Well—I think I will," replied Tilly.

"Engaged already!" cried Parker, over a late cigar. "Well, Barberry, you've chosen a nice girl, but——"

"You cannot say anything I do not know," replied Barberry. "She wears the frizzes I detested, the hat I adhorred, the high heels I abominate. She is a little flirt; she talks slang; she had powder on the nose; she carries a pug dog about. But it is settled."

SNAKE BITES.—It is believed that the true cure for snake bites has at last been found. A French investigator has achieved remarkable results in this direction with permanganate of potash. In the first experiments the solution of the antidote injected was too strong, and destroyed the tissues of the animal under treatment. When, however, a one per cent. solution was used no inconvenience was produced by it, and twenty-eight out of thirty animals poisoned were cured. The two that died were young and ill-fed. It is thought, however, that they would have survived had the administration of the antidote not been delayed until their hearts had nearly stopped beating. The proper strength of the solution being determined, he proceeded to inject it into the veins of the subjects within half a minute after the poison had entered the system. The animals showed no sign of suffering beyond a slight acceleration of the heart's action, which lasted only a few minutes. In another series of experiments the effects of the poison were allowed to manifest themselves before the administration of the antidote. In each case the trouble disappeared within five minutes, and within half an hour the dog was running about as if nothing had happened. Here is proof that Condy's disinfecting fluid, which contains permanganate, might save countless lives in snake-haunted lands. The reason of the success of this antidote seems suggested in M. Pasteur's late experiments—the poison germs are oxygenated into harmlessness. Why, then, might not hydrophobia also yield up its terrible secret to this simple method? It ought to be tried; but at all events no time should be lost in repeating the process adopted by this scientist with his dogs upon the victims of serpent bite.

THE village poet of Wallingford, Conn., did not make a brilliant hit in his voices on the hanging of Michael Early, the spelling being not according to Webster or Worcester; but pecuniarily he was successful to the extent of selling 1,000 copies at 5 cents each. Sudden fame completely demoralized him, and he lost $30 for drinks and a fine.

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging. H. T., St. Paul Pioneer Press.

QUEER CHARMS.

Until quite recent date old women in the Orkneys and Hebrides made a living by selling "fair winds" to sailors, a knotted string being given to the mariner, and a breeze, a strong wind, or a gale be supposed to follow the loosening of each knots.

Love philters could be purchased which would turn the most indifferent lover into an ardent suitor.

Many persons were probably poisoned by such drinks, sometimes intentionally, sometimes unwittingly.

Miss Blandy, executed in 1772 for the murder of her father, maintained to the last that she gave him the dose of poison believing it to be, as her lover (who supplied it) assured her, merely a harmless philter which would incline the old man to agree to their marriage.

There is a Scotch tale of a schoolmaster who brewed a lover philter to soften the heart of an obdurate lady-love.

The precious mixture being set to cool was drunk by a passing cow. The animal immediately conceived most inconvenient affection for the luckless dominie, following him everywhere, into the school, into the church, till he was obliged to have the creature killed in order to escape its ill-timed enearmures.

"The Hand of Glory," the dried hand of an executed criminal, with a candle composed of various ghastly ingredients stuck between the fingers, was supposed to secure immunity to burglars, no one on whom the unhallowed light fell being able to stir a limb or utter a cry, while bolts and bars yielded to the touch of the dread hand.

A peculiar arrangement of straws across the threshold of a newly-wedded pair rendered the marriage childless or unhappy.

The Swedes [illegible] called a skrat, a kind of Northern Robin Goodfellow or household fairy, who will do a good deal of hard work for his owners and only expects a meal in return.

Unlike pools, skrats can be made as well as born.

A very efficient skrat can be manufactured out of a tin pipe, a bit of tow, part of a pair of scales, part of a harrow, and some other ingredients.

This figure must be set up on three successive Thursday nights in the middle of a crossway, with many ceremonies, and on the last night the skrat manufacturer cuts his finger and allows the blood to fall on the figure, which immediately becomes endowed with life.

The manufacturer must have provided a swift horse for himself and a slow one for the skrat, as it is very important that he should succeed in outriding the figure. If he gains his house door first he has secured a humble slave in the skrat.

Skrats will [illegible] the house against thieves, [illegible] even steal for their owners, bringing food, vegetables, and money, if required.

They assume various shapes, sometimes that of a man, sometimes a cat with a fiery tail, sometimes a fox.

In 1816 two fishermen returning home along the shores of the gulf of Riga, saw a skrat sailing through the air in the shape of a fiery dragon.

A woman kept a skrat in a box, and used it as a lamp to illuminate the house. Like Scotch brownies, skrats are particular about their food being regularly supplied, and resent any neglect. A skrat in Esthonia, whose comfort was systematically trifled with, revenged himself by burning down the house. Useful as is a skrat, it is highly inexpedient to die with one in your possession; and as it is not to be got rid of at will, it is advisable to begin the necessary process at the first approach of illness or age. A skrat can be dismissed by certain incantations practiced at the place of its original creation, or it may be torn in small pieces and laid in newly-melted ice in the spring. Straws laid crosswise on a doorway will keep away a skrat, if its services are not desired.

MR. WINANS, the railway millionaire of Baltimore, who lives in England because the terrors of the sea are too much for him, pays Lord Lovat £25,000 a year for the forests of Glenstathteron and Culegrain, in addition to which [illegible] neighboring shootings in this and the adjacent county, which makes the largest game preserve in the country, and brings his annual rent up to £31,000.

A LATE French caprice is to wear earrings made of real Brazilian beetles. Another style is that of a tiny bird, about an inch long, made of fine, beautiful feathers, dyed crimson and green. The eyes of the bird are formed of diamonds.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

New Publications.

"Lyrics of Home-Land," by Eugene J Hall, is an elegantly illustrated and printed holiday book. The poems are mostly pictures of New England life, and deal in a bright, lively way with the manners and things familiar to the section. They do not [illegible] highest perfection of poetic art, [illegible] up in earnestness and feeling what they may lack in strict novelty of conception or workmanship. The pictures, which are very numerous, are by the leading artists of the country—Thomas Moran, W. H Gibson, F. O. C. Darley, Howard Pyle, C S. Reinhart, Winslow, with others as famous, being well represented. In printing and binding the work is worthy of its contents, and altogether it is worthy of high praise as a suitable work for the holidays. Griggs & Co., Chicago, publishers. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $1.00.

"Three Wise Old Couples." For the youngest of young readers this is a book of genuine attraction. There are three poetic stories, Three Wise Old Women, Three Wise Old Men, and Three Wise Old Couples, and these stories are just as funny as funny can be. Several of the pictures are full page, beautifully colored, and the many others are in black—all of the most humorous character, yet entirely free from any coarseness. This book admirably combines beauty with humor, and is easily classed among the most desirable gift books of the season for very little people. Crown quarto, bound in board, the humorous covers in nine colors. Price, $1 50. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"The Doublerunner Club; or, the Lively Boys of Riverton," is a book of boy life, the third of "The Partington Series," by a well known author, B. P. Shillaber, "Mrs. Partington." The name of the writer is sufficient assurance in itself of excellence which a perusal will be certain to make stronger. It is brim full of boy life and spirits, and while bound to be a favorite with the class of whom it treats, will bring back many a pleasant memory and hearty laugh to those older. Nicely bound in green and black. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co., this city. Price, $1.25.

"Nada the Brahmin Girl," by Harry W. [illegible] a striking Oriental story of real [illegible] love. The author is evidently well at home on this subject, and his manner of handling it makes the matter interesting outside of its attractiveness as a [illegible] from its pages, and whatever of sensationalism there may be apparent seems to arise naturally from the subject. It is not a great book in any sense, but it is certainly readable. Lee & Shepard. For sale by Claxton & Co. Price, $1 25.

"Like a Gentleman" is a domestic story, [illegible] writer, has no reason to be ashamed of her work, for it is a bright, pleasing story of home life, of more than ordinary interest. The characters in no wise startle by their novelty, and the story, while indulging in no sensational episodes or intricacies of plot, has a simple charm that holds the attention to the end. Lee & Shepard For sale by Claxton & Co. Price, $1.50.

"Julian Tarsiake's Secret," if it does not show any extreme probability or even newness of plot, will commend itself to those who like fiction liberally spiced with mystery and romance. A rector of the English Church, several high toned villains, the rector's proud but noble-hearted wife, a [illegible] grace youth, and unfortunate girl, play parts that altogether will prove tasty to certain appetites. It was written by Mrs. John Hodder Needell. Price, paper cover 60 cts Published and for sale by Lippincott.

When any one of the least literary taste takes a journey nowadays of almost any kind, they seem to be consumed with the idea that the reading public is crazed by anxiety to know all about it, and accordingly why they undertook it, what they intended, where they went, and what they saw, is told with frequently painful elaborateness of detail. This, however, while it has deluged the market with bad books of travel, has also produced some good ones, among which we may mention Lady Duffus Hardy's "Through Cities and Prairie Lands." The book describes a tour from England through Canada and the principal parts of the United States. The writer's social position and her charmingly natural method of narration makes her pages deeply interesting, and give her impressions and experiences a certain value. Published by R. Worthington, New York. Red cloth and gilt top. Price, $1.75. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

An original fine art juvenile book, with [illegible] poems and original illustrations, both by two New York journalists, has just been published by R. Worthington, 770 Broadway. The title is "Cat's Cradle." It is full of lively rhymes and pictures for children, with sixty illustrations in colors. Large quarto, $3.00 The plates are handsomely colored, all the work is admirably done, and the publisher can safely announce Cat's Cradle as one of the most elegant and attractive works of the kind produced for some time. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"Songs of Seven," by Jean Ingelow, is an illustrated poem, fully up to the [illegible] author's genius. The verses are full [illegible] whose truth ge[illegible] and written with [illegible] melody that is one of her charm[illegible] The artists of the numerous engravings have finely caught the spirit of the poem, so that each beautifully lights up the other. For a holiday book nothing could be better Bound in green and gold. Roberts Bros., publishers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

"The American Newspaper" is the title of a neatly bound little book containing an interesting essay upon the above subject by Charles Dudley Warner. Published by James R. Osgood & Co. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, 25 cents

"Old Proverbs with new Pictures," by Lizzie Lawson. So exceedingly pretty is this book as to illustrations, and so well turned are the verses that "Old Proverbs in their new rendering ought to be considered as an exceptional book of its kind. The pictures, in quiet colors, show not only artistic merit, but all have a point to them. "Pride Goeth Before a Fall" represents a pretty little girl who trains a skirt behind her in the mud—she has possibly borrowed a window curtain, and the next step she takes brings her into the puddle. "A Bird in the Bush" shows a little child with a wooden toy peacock in her chubby hands, which is more satisfactory and real to her than the two linnets which flutter on a branch near by. The clever adaptation of the old saws to the pictures and the many clever conceits in this child's book should make it a prime favorite. Cassell & Co., New York, publishers. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $2 50

Among the many handsome books for children that are being published this season none are brighter than those of Cassell, Petter & Galpin & Co.'s "Little Folks," a bound volume of a magazine for the young, is full of interesting stories and sketches, and prettily illustrated. For sale by Lippincott

"Helen's Babies," by John Habberton, is a masterpiece in every sense of the word; it awakens interest and admiration while it produces hearty laughter. As a picture of child-life it is nature itself, for every page sparkles with gems of thought and humor [illegible] interest begins with the first sentence and is kept up to the last word. It is devoted to the odd sayings and doings of Budge and Toodle, two small boys—imps of mischief, but warm-hearted, loving little beings, who at once win the affection of all readers T. B. Peterson & Bros., publishers, this city.

George Barrie, publisher, Sansom street, [illegible] tion "De Luxe" editions of Boccaccio's De Cameron and Heptameron. These editions have been prepared at the suggestion of several eminent members of the trade, men of taste, who have wished editions of these classics. The etchings, which exhibit M. Flameng at his best in his wonderful skill as a draughtsman and etcher, are printed *de luxe* by experienced French printers of intaglio subjects. The price will be $5 per volume.

Mr. Barrie has also in preparation for the holidays "Etudes in Modern French Art," a series of monographs on the best French artists of the present day, with between fifty and sixty beautiful initials, heads and tail pieces, and fac-similes of original drawings by the artists. The work will be bound in vellum, illuminated, gilt extra, gilt edges. Price, $10.00.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Home Magazine for December contains the usual extensive list of contents, including finely filled household departments, literary matter, poetry, etc. Subscription, $2 a year. T. S. Arthur & Son, publishers, this city.

The North American Review for December is in all respects a good number. The most important and most opportune of all the articles is one by the Hon John A. Kasson, entitled "The Monroe Doctrine in 1881." Then follows a discussion of the Death Penalty, conducted by the Rev. Dr Chocver, Judge Samuel Hand and Wendell Phillips. The policy of Mr Gladstone's Government toward Ireland is strenuously defended by Mr. H O. Arnold Foster, son of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Four physicians and surgeons of the first rank, namely [illegible] W. A. Hammond, John Ashhurst, Jr., J. Marion Sims, and John T Hodgen, review the history of President Garfield's case. Finally the Hon David A. Wells treats of Reform in Federal Taxation. Appleton & Co., New York.

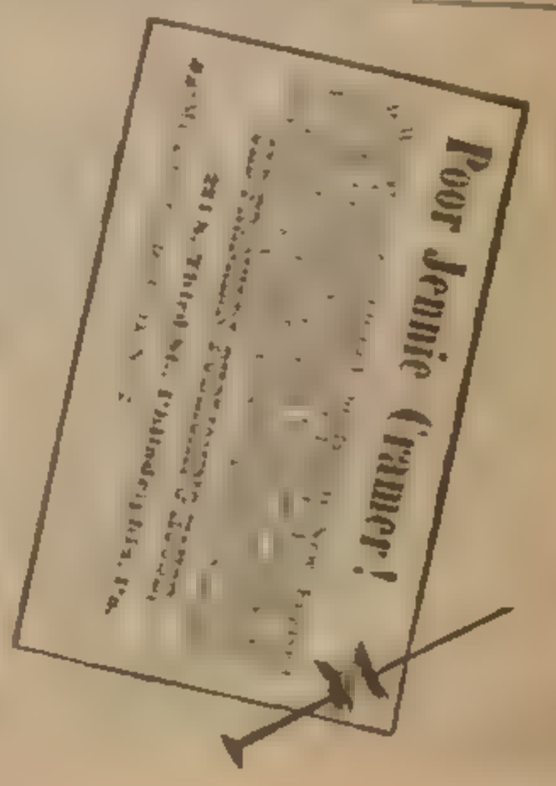
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

How DR. C. W. BENSON'S
Celery and Chamomile Pills
Build up the Nervous system and positively cure Sick [illegible] Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, [illegible] this preparation [illegible] ills are at once in their [illegible] walked for two years have [illegible] fully restored by these pills, and thousands of [illegible] while the [illegible] and [illegible] ralgia they have cured are more than [illegible] each year, and [illegible] it to their [illegible] Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, [illegible] boxes for $1.00, or six boxes [illegible]

DR. C. W. BENSON'S
SKIN CURE
Is Warranted to Cure
ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the [illegible] soft and smooth; [illegible] and is the BEST [illegible] frequently put up, two bottles in one package, containing of both internal and external treatment.
All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
In Hosts of Families
[illegible] a prompt and convenient remedy is demanded. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, indigestion and other troubles are overcome by it.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1882.



Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:

{ Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on, it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea kettle, the wash water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

First.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

Next.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash board, and all the dirt will drop out, turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in one suds, if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back into the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

Next comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

Next, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not neceseary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

Grains of Gold.

Fixed resolves need short professions.

He who speaks, sows: he who listens, reaps.

The camel went in search of horns and lost its ears.

To indulge a consciousness of goodness is the way to lose it.

Had there never been a cloud there had never been a rainbow.

Common sense is one's own sense, believed to be uncommon.

Calumny is what is said of us—carelessness, what is said by us.

Justice is the bread of nations. They are always famishing for it.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.

Select that course of life which is the best, and custom will render it most pleasant.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

"No one," says Jerome, "loves to tell a scandal except to him who loves to hear it."

When it is a question of our vices how all men seem human! But when of our virtues—!.

Don't be afraid to work; life is short, and you will have time enough to rest when it is over.

The present with its duties, and the future with its hopes, are all we have to do with.

Pay your honest debts before you subscribe to charitable undertakings. "Charity before charity.

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.

Every man must work at something. The moment he stops working for humanity, the devil employs him.

The human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth, as the household lamp for light.

Everthing without tells the individual that he is nothing; everything within persuades him that he is everything.

He who refuses to do justice to the defenseless, will always be found making unreasonable concessions to the powerful.

Our path is to be upward from the start; there is no grade downwards on the road that leads to God. He calls to us from above.

One reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.

A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence, is to live twice.

Sensibility would be a good portress if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

Men have no right to complain of evils which they themselves are competent to remedy by more common sense, joined with more common humanity.

It is of far more consequence what we make of our work than what it is, or where it is. Any labor, anywhere, may be made noble by the manner of doing it.

There is a sound reason why there are bones in our meat, and stones in our land. A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not a fit place for men.

God often lays the sum of his amazing providence is very dismal afflictions; as the limner first puts on the dusky colors on which he intends to draw the portraitures of some illustrious beauty.

Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbors. Very carefully guard your lips and bridle your tongues if you desire to have the coming generation truthful.

Oftentimes could I wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company. Why do we talk so willingly, when notwithstanding we seldom return to silence without hurt of conscience?

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little faggot of God's will fastened upon its back.

Celery is not sweet until it has felt the frost, and men don't come to their perfection till disappointment has dropped a half-hundred weight or two upon their toes. Who would know good horses if there were no heavy goads?

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the Coral islands, green and sunny, amid the melancholy waste of ocean.

Home should always be made attractive. Economy that shows itself in depriving home of cheer and attractions is dearly bought. If children are to appreciate and choose home in preference to any other place, make it inviting for them.

If there is anything which even a very clever young man ought to congratulate himself on, it is the knowledge, early acquired, that he isn't a genius. For if he thinks otherwise, the chances are that the mistake may spoil him—while if he proves to be a genius the world will be sure to find it out before he does.

Almost Made a New Person of Me.

"I am daily improving, and can walk about the house with considerable ease. I had almost despaired of ever being able to leave my bed, but Compound Oxygen, with God's blessing, has almost made a new person of me." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1616 and 1618 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

The best railway for a bridal trip—The Union Pacific.

When is a girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

When a young man is alone with his best girl, he is generally supposed to be "holding his own."

No woman should ever borrow the husband of another, because it is not good for man to be a loan.

If courting is a public necessity, as an Ohio judge decides, why then is it done so privately?

Four young women this year have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the London University.

If love is blind, why do girls spend two-thirds of the time on their hair and looking up the most killing styles.

Plump girls are said to be going out of fashion. If this be true, the plumper the girl, the slimmer her chances.

Those little stiff rimmed hats the girls are going to wear this winter will make nice hanging-baskets next summer.

A woman with a beaming face, but with a heart untrue, though beautiful, is valueless, as diamonds formed of dew.

A cruel maiden: "Are you lonely tonight, Miss Ada?" "No, sir, I wish I were lonelier." And he bade her adieu.

"Six Girls" is the title of the latest novel. It is expected that a sequel entitled "Our Broken Gate" will be issued soon.

It came at last: Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he was "prepared for the worst," and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.

A little girl in a London Sunday-school, being asked why God made the flowers of the field, replied, "I'guess, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers."

An New Haven, Ct., paper tells how to tell a good onion. "Hire your best girl to eat it raw, and then call upon her. If the onion is good your stay will be short."

She (of the literary turn)—"Does not this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV.?" He (matter-of-fact)—"Beg pardon, that was rather before my time, you know."

Women are entering for political training. There are said to be 20 places filled by them in the navy department, and there are over 2,000 women applicants for these positions.

A Western paper very justly charges the boy with meanness who, knowing that his sister's young man is still in the parlor, will slip down near midnight and gaily ring the break-fast bell.

Over 300 girls have lately been removed from the public schools of Lewiston, Me., and placed in a Catholic parochial school, and their withdrawal will involve the closing of at least six of the public schools.

"There," said Miss Dashie, as she sealed a letter addressed to her lover, "that isn't very bright, but it will do for him. Lovers are alike. If you only write to them they don't care a snap what you say."

Pride's fall: "Yes," said Clare, "your Maltese kitty is pretty enough, but he can never come up to my bird." That was all she knew about it. The kitty did come up to her bird that very day, and it was all day with the bird.

Eighty families were made homeless in Kokomo, Col., through the playfulness of one pint of kerosene oil. It was used by an enthusiastic servant girl to kindle a fire, and the fire it kindled surpassed her most sanguine expectations.

"I can't stand this extravagance, Emily. There's that sealskin sacque and all that silk and other costly fol de rol. I shall be bankrupt." "Hush, James, hush. It doesn't do to be quarreling about what is past. Let buy-gones be buy-gones."

Robinson (after a long whist bout at the club)—"It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper)—"Oh, I shan't say much, you know, 'good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

A finely-dressed lady slipped and fell near the post-office, yesterday, and the gentleman who assisted her to her feet inquired, "Did you break any bones, madam?" "No, I guess not," she replied, "but I am just as mad as if I had broken a dozen of 'em!"

As the flock sleep while the clergyman is preparing his sermon, they think it no more than fair that they should sleep while he is reading it. It must be said, however, to the credit of the ladies, that they seldom go to sleep in church. They generally keep their eyes open during the service. New bonnets are worn to church.

A good woman knows the power she has of shaping the lives of her children, and she endeavors to use that power wisely and well. She teaches her boys and girls that they must be brave in doing their duty, truthful in speech and action, honest and honorable, kind, cheerful, and unselfish. By her own example she enforces and illustrates what she teaches.

Curtis Andrews and his wife have lived together for sixty years in Caroline county, Md., and have never quarreled. When asked for the secret of their domestic happiness, the old man replied: "Well, I have always noticed that there is more trouble between man and wife over making the fire in the morning than anything else. If they can get along smoothly about that, everything else is smooth. My wife and I went to housekeeping together in our log cabin nigh fifty years ago. We've only got one fireplace, but that's a big one. When we moved in I said to her, 'Sally, I'll make the fire and I'll 'tend to it.' I made that fire, and it's been burning ever since. For nigh fifty years I've covered that fire before going to bed, and I've fixed it up in the morning, I've never had any matches in the house, and there are never any sulphur smells in the household. While that fire burns, sir, there is peace in Curtis Andrews' home."

News Notes.

Texas has 34 daily papers.

The heat to scald hogs is from 145° to 150°.

The farmers of the United States number 7,000,000.

Oscar Wilde is coming to this country next month.

The Irish National League sent Ireland last quarter $127,625.

It costs the people of Tennessee $1,000,000 annually for snuff.

Owensburg, Ky., has a cow with three eyes and three horns.

There are 4,000 drum-shops kept by women in New York city.

Silk culture is to be agitated in Alabama by many of the newspapers.

The population of Lapland has diminished from 30,000 to 17,000 since 1858.

Cloves, whole or ground, strewn upon pantry shelves will banish red ants.

Cinnamon are to be employed on the Canadian Pacific line in British Columbia.

There are 10,771,396 acres of land in Tennessee still covered with original forest.

Old gold is the prevailing color; but it involves the absorption of much new gold.

Alligator farming promises to become an important industry in Southern swamps.

The Massachusetts Legislature will include nine physicians—four from Boston.

A locomotive is being built at Jersey City that it is expected will run 90 miles an hour.

Nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-two immigrants arrived in New York last week.

"The manna of the future," says a financial writer, "is not likely to be gold, but diamonds."

The New York Produce Exchange will erect a new building that will cost two million dollars.

Staten Island has recently had a rain storm during which there fell a shower of hundreds of toads.

It is stated that President Arthur has a deep-seated desire to put an end to Mormon polygamy.

When in Scotland, the Prince of Wales always wears the kilt, only substituting velvet for tweed.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin. It does not scratch the tin, and gives it a fine lustre.

The cochineal insect is very small, a pound of cochineal being calculated to contain 70,000 in a dried state.

During the last year nearly three hundred thousand barrels of Canadian apples were sent to England.

Satin for lining sealskin jackets is in the colors—crimson, sapphire blue, pale blue, old gold, and amber.

Eighty-four per cent. of all the seed leaf tobacco grown in the United States is produced north of Maryland.

It is asserted that many American women who travel in Egypt return home confirmed smokers of cigarettes.

The Marquis of Londonderry, having his title to advertise him, has made a hit as a retail coal dealer in London.

An Iowa man refuses $10,000 for the old battle-flag of the Forty-seventh Regiment, of which Garfield was colonel.

The estimated loss by the Michigan fires was $2,500,000. Dwellings, 1,485; school houses, 28, churches, 8; mills, 34.

In China, when a bank fails, the officers are immediately beheaded. There has been but one bank failure since 881.

It is said that a watchmaker in Switzerland has invented a watch which will run several years without being wound up.

London dandies just now delight in very shiny hats and stiff collars, white gaiters and lacquered boots pointed at the toes.

A transfer of $45,000 of real estate in McLean county, Ill., represents the losses of the former owner in two weeks of poker playing.

Marietta, Ohio, is having a sensation over the suicide of a Chinese student at Marietta College. It was a case of disappointed love for a servant girl.

A fortnight ago the Berlin Court was almost entirely occupied in hunting, and in a single day brought low a total of 27 head, comprising deer and other large game.

Dr. McCreery, of Louisville, believed that a thoroughly acquired appetite for rum was incurable, and, therefore, when he found himself possessed of one, he committed suicide.

"Well, here goes," said Jake Buckwalt, in a Cincinnati saloon; but it was a pistol instead of a glass of beer that he raised to his head and emptied. That was his way of committing suicide.

The Mayor of Janesville, Wis, ordered a red flag to be hung out from a house where small-pox had been discovered. A crowd of auction buyers trooped to the house, and the banner was hurriedly changed to yellow.

Josh Billings Heard From.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 11, 1880.

DEAR BITTERS—I'm here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. * * * I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so.

Yours without a struggle,

JOSH BILLINGS.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER

CURES

HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. **Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York**

50,000 SOLD!!! AGENTS WANTED for Life of **GARFIELD**

His early life and career as soldier and statesman; his election, administration, assassination, heroic struggle for life, wonderful medical treatment, blood-poisoning, removal to Elberon, death, etc. *Profusely illustrated.* Splendid portrait of him, his wife, mother; scene of the shooting; Guiteau in his cell; Surgeons and cabinet. The only complete work yet out. *Agents wanted everywhere; speak or write.* Sales immense. 50,000 sold. 50,000 in press. Outfit 50c. Address HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

There is always something to remind a man of the shortness of life, even if it be nothing more than a doctor's bill.

Don't Get the Chills.

If you are subject to ague, you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks. The remedy to use is Kidney-Wort. It is the best preventative of all malarial diseases that you can take. See advertisement in another column.

DON'T miss the Boston Bic. Store, 45 North 8th St., for your Holiday Goods. They are wonderful.

Consumption Cured.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East Indian missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. JAMES was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that CONSUMPTION can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this Recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address, CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 333 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 400 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Athaumion Hair Restorer

Restores gray hair to its natural color in three or four applications, without staining the skin or soiling the finest linen; removes dandruff and itching of the scalp; stops the hair from falling out. Manufactured by C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, 8TH and RACE Sts., Phila. 75 cts. large bottle. Sold by druggists. Mention THE POST.

THE cheapest Sewing Machine to buy is the Wheeler & Wilson New No. 8, because it is the easiest to learn, the easiest to manage, the lightest running, the most durable, and does the most perfect work. Ladies should not fail to examine it before purchasing any other. It is declared by the highest authorities "the best sewing apparatus in the world." Send for illustrated circular, 1328 Chestnut Street, Philada., Pa.

Holiday Presents.

What can be more suitable for a Holiday Present than a fine Organ or Piano? They can be purchased most advantageously of the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, whose advertisements appear in this issue.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

THE wonderful Pianette advertised by the Mass. Organ Co., Boston, Mass., is one of the greatest musical inventions of the age, playing any tune by simply turning a crank. It is sold for $5.00 with a selection of tunes.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

HADDOCK'S,

914 Arch St., Philadelphia,

(Second Floor.)

IS THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY

Beautiful Holiday and Picture Cards.

104 Elegant Cards in A Neat Box, for 50 Cents.
100 Neat Sample Cards for 25 Cents.

Many Job Lots of Business Cards at prices below cost. Buy your cards from the Manufacturer, and save 50 per cent.

LADIES!

Neutro-Pilleus, only hair restorer known. Permanently restores superfluous hair root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration, or injury. Send Stamps for particulars. THE WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 921 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, best set reeds, only $60. PIANOS, $125 up. RARE HOLIDAY INDUCEMENTS ready. Write or call on Beatty, Washington N.J.

12c. "A Violet From Mother's Grave" & 49 other popular songs, words and music, entire, all for 12 cents. PATTEE & CO. 47 Barclay street, N. Y.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 5c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series &c., in fancy case 10c. Samples 5c. Empire Card Co., Birmingham, Ct.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *Acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, BURLINGTON, VT.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

KIDNEY-WORT

We manufacture on the premises for Builders and others, fine Marbleized

SLATE MANTELS,

$25, $35 Upwards. A Single Mantel at Wholesale Price.

Illustrated Catalogue Free if you mention "Saturday Evening Post." *WRITE AT ONCE.*

PENNSYLVANIA MANTEL WORKS,
16 Market Street, Camden, N. J.

IN ALL $75,000. TO EACH ONE.

If your Stationer has none, mail 10, 25 or 50 Cents. Try Hoover's Patent MANUSCRIPT Paper, best comfort in writing and a Blacker Manuscript.

H. L. LIPMAN, 324 FOURTH ST., PHILA.

Holiday Goods! Are you looking for them? Send for our illustrated price list. Mail orders a specialty. STAAD, SILVER CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

ORGANS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS! BEATTY NEW YEARS PRESENTS! PIANOS

DRAWING-ROOM UPRIGHT PIANO. Length 6¾ ft. Height 4ft. 3. Depth 2ft. 3. New Style, 1913. 7 Octaves, Rosewood Case, New Scale, Grand Action, All Improvements. Price, with Stool, Cover and Book, $173.75

BEATTY'S ORGANS.

Church, Chapel & Parlor. $30 to $500. 1 to 32 Stops. Have you seen BEATTY'S New Parlor Organ? Price, only $107.75. CHAPEL Organs, $97.75. The LONDON, 18 Stops, 5 sets Reeds, only $65. The PARIS, now offered for $85. The BEETHOVEN, New Style, No. 900, 27 Stops, 3½ full Octaves of the Celebrated Golden Tongue Reeds. It is the Finest Organ ever made. Write or call at once for full particulars. Other desirable New Styles now ready.

BEATTY'S PIANOS.

GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT $125 to $500. WARRANTED. If you cannot visit me be sure to send for Latest Catalogue before Buying elsewhere.

Always be sure to Remit by Money Order, Bank Draft, Express prepaid or Registered Letter. Money refunded after one year's use if not just as represented.

Visitors always welcome. Free Coach meets all Trains.

SUPERB ROYAL UPRIGHT PIANO. Length 6ft. 3. Height 4ft. 8. Depth 2ft. 3. New Style, No. 6. 7½ Octaves, 2 Unisons Grand Scale, and Action. Carved Rosewood Case. Price, with Stool, Cover & Book, $222.75

Order now for your Christmas and New Years Presents.

WRITE FOR HOLIDAY CATALOGUE, ELABORATELY ILLUSTRATED.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Copyrighted 1881, by L. LUM SMITH. All rights reserved.

LEXICONIC ORTHOGRAPHY.

The Great Literary Prize Contest.

Appropriately Dedicated, By L. Lum Smith, with Mrs. Jas. A. Garfield's Express Permission, to the Memory of Our Late Illustrious President.

OPEN TO ALL. | GARFIELD | Greatest Feature of the Age.

It offers cash for every boy's work, and is as simple as A B C. Any boy or girl can compete as readily and successfully as the most illustrious professor of English letters. It is a Paid Pleasure, and if the competitor so chooses, "a new way to pay old debts."

The AWARDS from $500 to $1 will be paid in gold. To edit the contest with all due care, we have engaged Mr. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished author, and Mr. W. R. Balch, compiler of "Garfield's Words," and late managing editor of the *American*, who will be assisted by a sufficient corps of aids. In the hands of these gentlemen Lexiconic Orthography will become an affair of national moment, arousing the liv-liest interest wherever the English language is spoken, and call into active play the best talents and the most commendable abilities of our people.

THE LATEST NOVELTY IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

Every contestant will be quite as much astonished at the result as those who have never before considered the wonders of our language; and the superficial egotist, who would have scornfully scouted the idea of not understanding his mother tongue, will be taught a humorous, even though a humiliating, lesson.

Never was any plan proposed that offered to railroad travellers a more fascinating way of occupying the dull hours in the railroad train. It is impossible to read when the car is shaking, but, with a pencil and paper, Lexiconic Orthography can be most advantageously followed, to both profit and delight. Try it on your next journey.

Seven degrees of honor and seven classes of awards are equally open to all who choose to avail themselves of the privilege. Who shall win? Is it not as likely to be the toiling mechanic as the wealthy merchant? the modest pupil as the learned professor? the humble workwoman as the lady of fashion? Both sexes, all classes, all ranks, all ages, will contend for the honor and glory of winning, even if caring naught for the pecuniary reward; but who among the multitude shall be the immortal seven to place their names within the laurel wreath on the Garfield Lexiconic Acrostic Souvenirs, surrounding the beloved brow of him who has gone down the dark valley amid the mournful weepings, not only of a nation, but of a world?

In the editing of *Lexiconic Orthography* we pledge ourselves to be governed by conscientious impartiality, and to decide with unbiased judgment between each and all, and award to merit what to merit is due, "without fear, favor, affection, or the hope of reward."

A prize is hereby offered for the best eight-line poem or acrostic, or the two combined, on the name Garfield, to be inserted on the Garfield Souvenirs.

For explanations, rules of both contests, date of closing, sample copy of the HERALD, etc., send 10 cents. (*Positively no free copies.*)

THE ORIENTAL CASKET,

The initial number will be published January 1, 1882, and will be a first-class, high-toned, independent literary monthly, printed on the very best quality of cream tinted paper, be filled with choicest gems from the greatest living writers, and be under the editorial management of HERMAN BESSERT, the popular Novelist and Author. Premiums to one inhabitant of each of the 6 States and Territories.

$2 Per Annum. Single Copies 25c.

It is our intention to start still another paper, just as soon as the Oriental Casket is firmly established and so continue to do until we have a first-class publication representing every branch of industry, art, and science that can be profitably represented in this country.

THE AGENTS' HERALD.

Voluntarily appeared before Magistrate of Court No. 6, L. Lum Smith, who doth swear that the circulation of the November (issue) HERALD will exceed 200,000 copies.

L. LUM SMITH.

Subscribed before me this second day of November, 1881.

ROBERT R. SMITH.

I will trust any Man, Woman, and Child in North America for a year's subscription if asked during next 30 days.

60c. Per Annum. Single Copies 10c.

GARFIELD ACROSTIC SOUVENIRS.

Application for United States Letters Patent was made on November 2, 1881. The prices will be 25c. 35c. 50c. 75c. $1.00, $2.50, and $5.00. The larger size will be in color, and will be beautiful works of art. Orders may be sent in now, to be filled as the earliest possible moment, in the order received.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

Consists of thin, tough sheets of a brilliantly colored medium (made expressly for this purpose). Presents a new, neat and fascinating occupation for ladies and gentlemen, beautifying their homes, places of business, etc. Fills a vacancy long felt in the ornamentation of common window panes. Diploma awarded by American Institute, and Pennsylvania State Fairs.

Samples, Testimonials, etc., by Mail, 25c.

SMITHOGRAPHY.

The art of drawing portraits, etc., with pen, pencil, or crayon from small photos, etc., to life size, is so easy that a successful knowledge may be acquired from simply reading the printed instructions. Over 10,000 were sold during the Centennial. It is the best drawing teacher known. Highly recommended by artists and teachers. Can be learned in five minutes.

Price by Mail, 25c., $1.25 and $2.50.

CO-OPERATIVE ADVERTISING AGENCY AND CIRCULATING NEWSPAPER LIBRARY.

This enterprise will require a large building and is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible and I hope will be thoroughly organized by March 1, 1882. I cannot give particulars until then.

In order to avoid confusion with a daily average of several thousand letters, and therefore a possible delay of several days in the answering of your application, address me exactly as below, and it will be attended to within five minutes.

L. LUM SMITH, (Pigeon Hole 8110 A.) Philadelphia, Pa.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $300. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and directories for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 125 pages mailed for only ten cents, by THE UNION PUBLISHING CO., Newark, N. J.

Edith M. Hall Copper Name Stamp, any style of letter, with indelible ink and pad sent by mail for $1.00. The same inside of rubber for 60 cts. Postage stamps accepted. Send 2c. stamp for circulars of Postmasters complete set, and Ribbon and Rubber Stamps, Seal Presses, Stencils, Dating Type, etc. J. Gol lsborough, 739 Chestnut St., Phila.

$8.05 FOR $1.75. WONDERFUL OFFER!! Agents Wanted. Information Free. Address, H. L. HYDE, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

TWO Photos of Female Beauties, 10x12 for 25c. Catalogues free. J. DIETZ, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

Facetiæ.

Operatic refreshments—High screams.

If old wine is good, is elder wine better?

In what style does a lawyer talk? In money syllables.

The block head factory never shuts down. It always runs on fool time.

Resolutions never rise spontaneously. They always have to be drawn up.

The child never sees the necessity of strict obedience until it becomes apparent.

Some things are past finding out. The love for whisky is what staggers a man.

If a man's aim in this world be good, the chances are that he will miss fire in the next.

The Washington Monument has one part of it finished. That is the fund—that was used up long ago.

The Reason Why.

The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it cures without fail. Constipation and piles readily yield to its cathartic and healing power. Put up in dry vegetable form or liquid (very concentrated); either act prompt and sure.—Troy Budget.

A. G. CLEMMER'S

PIANO AND ORGAN HALL,

1300 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Pianos by HALLET & DAVIS CO., VOSE & SONS, CALKNERS & VAUPEL.

Organs by TAYLOR & FARLEY, MILLER BROS., and CLEMMER. Prices—$25, $45, $55, $65, and upwards. TERMS—$5 to $10 monthly.

Send for catalogues. *No Misrepresentations. All goods warranted.*

A. G. CLEMMER,
1300 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

ASTHMA *Quickly and Permanently* **CURED**

Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequaled as a positive Alterative and Cure for Asthma and Dyspepsia, and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. B. F. Lee, of Belmore, O., says of it: "*I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectoration easy. I now sleep all night without coughing.*" If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to

H. P. K. PECK & CO.,
862 Broadway, New York.

LADIES WE GIVE the SOCIAL VISITOR, largest and best story paper in the world, 6 Months on trial, and a Beautiful Colden Work Box and Toilet Case, containing 100 Best Needles; 2 Steel Reddings; 3 long Darners, 1 short and 2 extra fine Darners; 2 Wool, 2 Yarn, 1 Worsted, 1 Mottu, 2 Carpet and 3 Button Needles; 1 Safety Pin; 1 Gold-Plated Chenille Stud; 1 Elegant Silver-Plated Thimble; 1 Beautiful Gold-Plated Lace Pin, and 1 pair Elegant Lake George Diamond Earrings, for 50 cts. Stamps taken. This great offer is made to introduce our paper into new homes. We guarantee the premiums alone cannot be bought at any retail store for less than $1.25. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Order at once, and secure the greatest bargain ever offered.
Address The Social Visitor, Box 5139, Boston, Mass.

ANOTHER BOOM FOR AGENTS.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK is decidedly THE BEST; **"The Prince and the Pauper,"** Will outsell all his previous works, and offers you the best chance of your life to make money rapidly. Old agents will act promptly and secure choice territory, and we advise you to do the same. Outfits now ready. Send at once for circulars and terms to

H. N. HINCKLEY, Publisher.
143, Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

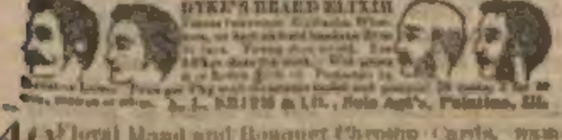
HOPE FOR THE DEAF
Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the **Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others.** All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. *We refer to those using them.* Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address,
H. P. K. PECK & CO., 862 Broadway, New York.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES *free*, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferers. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 183 Pearl St., New York.

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA.
Four First Premium Medals Awarded.
More agreeable to the taste, and smaller dose than any other Magnesia.
For sale in Government-Stamped Bottles, at Druggists' and Country Stores, and by
T. J. HUSBAND, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

70 (No two alike.) *All new style Chromo Cards, Rose, Birds, Lilies, Ferns, Scrolls, Autumn Leaves, &c., Lithographed in Brilliant colors, your name in* **GOLD & JET 10c.** *A story paper free with every order. Our styles of Bird-Edge and Imported Chromos cannot be beat. Please send 25c. for Agents outfit, which includes one book of the most lovely samples you ever saw. We pay the highest commission, and offer the most liberal premiums.*
"AMERICAN CARD CO." West Haven, Conn.



40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER. 24 STOPS. 12 OCTAVE REEDS. ONLY **$63**

DANIEL F. BEATTY

The most successful house in the World.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

New Style No. 11000.—Dimensions: Height, 78 ins.; Depth, 26 ins.; Length, 49 ins.

This Magnificent CABINET Organ
With an elegant Stool, Book and Music, boxed and delivered on board cars at Washington, New Jersey, for

Only $63.00

Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money refunded after one year's use.

24 STOPS.

SPECIFICATIONS, as follows:

1 Cello, 8 ft tone. 2 Melodia, 8 ft. tone. 3 Clarabella, 8 ft. tone. 4 Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. 5 Bourdon, 16 ft. tone. 6 Saxaphone 8 ft. tone. 7 Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone. 8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone. 9 Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone. 10 Grand Expression. 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone. 12 Harp Melleane. 13 Vox Humana. 14 Echo, 4 ft. tone. 15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone. 16 Clarionet, 8 ft. tone. 17 Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone. 18 Violina, 4 ft. 19 Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. 20 Piccolo, 4 ft. 21 Coupler Harmonique. 22 Orchestral Forte. 23 Grand Organ Knee Stop. 24 Right Organ Knee Stop.

BEWARE! Do not think of buying an Organ that does not contain an Octave Coupler, a stop which doubles the power of the instrument. All of my Organs have it. This Organ is a triumph of the Organ Builder's art. It is very beautiful in appearance, being exactly like the above cut. The case is of solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand carving and expensive fancy veneers. The music desk is of the most beautiful design extant. It has the best rubber Upright Bellows, with steel springs, rollers for moving, polished metal pedals, and handles, etc., etc. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

REMIT by Money Order, Express Prepaid, Bank Draft, or Registered Letters. Money refunded and all freight charges paid if not as represented. I'm Come to Washington, New Jersey, and see Factory (3 acres of space within walls of building) and select in person. Elegant carriage for visitors meets all trains.

BEATTY
PIANOFORTES.

A RECENT ADVERTISEMENT.

A.—BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES.—"Magnificent boldly projecting, square grand pianofortes, four very handsome round corners, rosewood cases, three unisons, Beatty's matchless iron frames, stool, book, cover, boxed, $122.75 to $297.50; catalogue prices, $800 to $1,000; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, after one year's use; upright pianofortes, $125 to $255, catalogue prices, $500 to $800; standard pianofortes of the universe, as thousands testify; write for mammoth list of testimonials; Beatty's cabinet organs, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, $50 upward; visitors welcome. Free carriage meets passengers. Illustrated catalogue (holiday edition) free. Address or call on DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey."

IMPORTANT !!!

I want it distinctly understood that I am prepared to offer to the public greater inducements to buy PIANOFORTES FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS than ever before. Why buy Grand, Square and Upright Pianos and pay manufacturers such enormous profits. Before you decide to purchase a Piano elsewhere, stop! Write at once for valuable information. Tricks of the trade Where the cost comes in; how a $297.50 Piano cost $1000 through agents—profits of from $500 to $700 made on a single sale. A $1000 Piano sold to one man for $800, to his neighbor, the same Piano precisely, for $950, to another for $620. *Is this just?* I have one price, no agents, sales are made direct, my catalogue has no fictitious prices—ONE PRICE TO ALL.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

THE WILSON PATENT
ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,
With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Address,
WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO.,
661 Broadway, N. Y.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. *From Am. Journal of Medicine.*

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London) who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician; his success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing, successfully cured by him; he has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address
DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

A LIBERAL OFFER!
A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of PRESIDENT GARFIELD, by the celebrated artist, PERINE, mailed to every one who sends $5c. for one year's subscription to the *Educational Visitor and Temperance Exchange*, an 8-page monthly. Address CENTRAL EDUCATIONAL BUREAU, 126 Chestnut St., Philada.

Agents Wanted EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL and TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25c. money, or 40c. postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 41, Fultonville, N.Y.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD!

Be Rich Like other people. It's easy done if you only know how. All you need is to be started right. I will reveal the secret to you FREE, if sent for to-day. Don't neglect this if you want Money. Address,
M. YOUNG, 172 Greenwich Street, New York.

70 YOUR NAME Printed with new copper-plate type, on 70 New and Elegant Bouquet, Scroll, Bird and Gold Chromo Cards, Style, Beauty and Quality can't be beat, for 10c. Samples 10c cts. Address, G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

50 ELEGANT New Imported Styles of Chromo, Our Fruit, Flowers and Bird Series, in Beautiful Colors, name in Fancy Script-Type, 10c. Agents Sample-Book, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Ct.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune—profits worth $20 free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

VIOLIN Big Bargains. 44-page Catalogue, 1000 kinds of instruments, free. Lowest prices. G. B. W. HAYES, Importer, Boston, Mass.

50 CARDS. All new, Imported designs of Hand and Bouquet, Gold, Silver and others, name in fancy script type, 10c. Clinton & Co, North Haven, Ct.

250 MOTTOES & 100 New Songs, no 2 alike with 3 Love Letters 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interlaced with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only Pioneer Rhinestone and Diamond of the finer water. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*—"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*—"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Merchants.*—"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*—"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*—"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*—"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To them properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their true beauty. THEY MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED. A ring, same style and quality of setting, but with no inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Studs and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. No more nor more valuable, as we MUST TAKE CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every one most happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its eighty-first year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offers decidedly more attraction than the many tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day. THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. **We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for THE POST.**

For a Premium to Each Subscriber Read Terms on Page 8.

THESE PREMIUMS ARE ALL SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid. In every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. THE POST has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made to P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$5. The Wonderful Mechanical Piano-ette. $5.

The most marvellous mechanical invention of the age. It will play any tune in a melodious and pleasing manner. Difficult and simple music produced in a masterly style, and it can be played by a child as well as by a grown person and will furnish music for social gatherings of any description, playing hour after hour, without any knowledge of music being required in the operator. The most wonderful of all musical inventions; a machine which in a purely mechanical manner produces any kind of music, Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, &c., &c., without any practice or knowledge of music whatever, in fact respect to superior to any music-box, for there is no limit whatever to the number of tunes it will play. The perforations in a piece simply produce the effect. It has just been perfected (the accompanying cut shows it in its improved form), and is having the largest sale ever obtained by a musical instrument in the country. It has four oblong cases, highly decorated, the notes or keys (the music producers) are metal, on some principle as a tuning fork, which produces clear and most melodious notes, and never get out of tune; the bellows creak by strikers, the same as the sideboard in a piano, only they work automatically instead of by the fingers. The striped prepared paper on which the tunes is stamped or perforated, is about 10 inches wide, and as it passes through the rollers and over the keys, the workers spring through the perforations in the paper and strike the right note; this is all done automatically, without any assistance from the operator (except turning the rollers), and the tunes played perfectly. It would be one of the most appropriate presents to make any one, especially where there is no other musical instrument. Its execution is admirable, and its accuracy of execution almost unlimited. It is selling faster than any musical instrument ever invented. The music is free, and every body delighted. The price of the Piano-ette is only $5.00, including a selection of popular tunes. Mush, 20 cts. a tune.

SPECIAL TO AGENTS. Wishing an agent in every town, we have concluded to offer samples of Piano-ette, with two tunes, to those who will push the sale, for only $3.50; or with 12 tunes, for $5.50. **MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass.,** Sole Manufrs.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES, A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

50 Lovely Floral, motto, hand and bouquet Chromo Cards, beautiful colors, name 10c. Clue, Kay, New Haven, Ct.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Album, &c. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

FITS Epilepsy, Spasms, etc., cured by a successful remedy. For Pamphlet with Testimonials of permanent cures, send address DR. ROOS, Richmond, Ind. *A positive cure for fits and falling sickness.*

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co, Westville, Ct

40 New Imported Chromo Cards, (Beauties) name on 40 styles, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IN summing up the various styles this season, it may be said that the huge bows, antique bodices, paniers, polonaises of simple shape, and great coats with plaited short skirts, are the prevailing features of walking costumes.

There are several novelties in trimmings; on large black satin or plush cloaks, Spanish lace, quite a yard wide, is festooned as a flounciug, with jet ornaments on each scollop; and white Spanish lace is festooned on pale blue plush and white brocaded satin opera cloaks.

For very expensive carriage and indoor black dresses hand embroidery in chenille is worked on the dress after it is finished.

A black satin dress, with a pink satin bulayeuse; and draped with jetted net and lace, with pink moss roses and pale green foliage, all worked in chenille, is effective.

Brocaded plush leaves are used for trimming plain velvet dresses, and borders and arabesques of leather work, are to be seen on the newest plush dresses.

Flowers are still worn on bodices, both at the waist and on the left side of the neck. Begonia leaves and autumn leaves in shaded plush, yellow and red peonies, asters, and nasturtiums, are all worn at the present time.

Lace and satin muffs are ornamented with a cluster of plush and silk flowers and shaded leaves. For evening dresses there are magnolias, æsthetic lilies and sunflowers —the last look best in black velvet.

There are several new combinations of color; olive is to be seen associated with plum and old-gold; myrtle with golden brown; deep green with drab, and garnet with pearl-gray.

But as winter fashions are disclosed, dark green and brown appear more frequently than other colors, and in all the combinations of satin and wool—whether satin de Duchesse, Rhadames, or Merveilleux—very rich do these colors look in these sheeny lustrous fabrics that have superseded dull silks.

Among the changes in the styles of fur garments it is said that seal sacques are not worn quite so long as they were last winter. The greatest length is about thirty-seven inches. The models fit the form rather snugly. The best quality of seal-skin has a very dark surface; the lighter shades are often rich with blending hues, but are not generally preferred. Fashion favors both long and short-haired furs and in the choice of these furs individual taste alone governs. Paletines will be extensively worn. These fur shoulder capes come in all sizes. This style is well suited to a person of delicate form. Fur cuffs are introduced; they come in various sizes; none, however, are very large. The most fashionable fur cuffs and capes are of tiger-cat and leopard skins, black Russian hare, and sea otter. Chinchilla is a handsome fur, and will be in great demand for young girls.

In some cases plain short skirts of either velvet or plush, lined at the back with stiff muslin, are worn under panier polonaises of bege or cashmere, open from the waist, and well draped to the centre of the back, beneath a huge bow. A new material is bege striped with plush, and this is used with plain bege. The skirt is arranged with box-plaits, so that the plush stripe appears in the centre of each plait. Above is a scarf of the striped stuffs, arranged horizontally, either drawn across the hips or coming from the front, and draped as paniers, terminating at the back with long loops. If the underskirt is striped, the tunic and bodice are of the plain material.

Plush continues to retain dominion this winter, and remains one of the most favorite materials that we have to choose from, whether for dresses, cloaks, or trimmings. It is to be quite plain, and in very narrow stripes of indistinct shades, and in large stripes of alternate light and dark shades, and of series of six stripes of different colors, and in plain stripes, and in shaded stripes, and in fifty other kinds of stripes and combinations.

Watered silk is also employed, both plain or striped with satin in a dozen different ways.

Then there are rich brocades, representing the most fanciful designs of flowers and foliage, thrown, as it were, on a different colored and soft-tinted background.

The rich brocades are copied from old Venetian designs, and are marvels of artistic taste and elegance. Those brocaded with velvet or terry velvet are the handsomest. There are also brocades composed of plush, crushed to imitate water waves; but these do not find favor with dressmakers.

The new fur plush, on the contrary, is admired more than any other material. As its name implies, it is a plush with a very long pile resembling fur, and will be used for jackets and trimmings, and wherever it may be substituted for fur.

Silk and satin dresses have entire flounces of this plush. For ordinary wear out doors we shall see little else but worsted materials —good strong, heavy stuffs, capable of roughing through the winter, even at its worst.

The favorite colors for these, are grey, old green shot with old gold, fallen leaf, brown dark blue, and seal brown. We see these colors also reproduced in plush; and when the latter is of the color of seal, it really looks almost like seal itself. A new color that we see in plush, however, is a greyish-brown, a little of both grey and brown, without being precisely either; it is very soft and very becoming.

Skirts will be often made of plush, whilst the polonaise will be of soft woolen material. This polonaise has the skirt part formed into empargo puffs, that is, one on each hip and another at the back. The body part is tight, forming one piece with the skirt part of the polonaise.

For young people the front and the centre piece of the back may be gathered in at the neck and at the waist. Full figures, however, will do well to keep faithful to the plain princess style, or the plain tight jacket, both of which are more becoming to rich curves than gathered bodies. Colored bodies and jackets are made of plain and brocaded woollen materials, and plush, &c., to be worn over different skirts, and cloth bodies and jackets may be worn with plush skirts. Cloth jackets are more becoming to the figure than plush jackets, which increase the size of the figure rather unpleasantly sometimes.

I may say, also, that a mixture of material is still a distinctive feature of dress, whether rich or simple. For instance, plain silk is made up with striped or figured silk; plain woollens, or brocaded fancy wools and silks; and plush with everything. All these you trim with embroidery of every description; some in running patterns, others applique, others beads, others in silk and so on.

Every lady, clever with her needle, will find new patterns and new styles of embroidery, which she may work in bands or on the dress itself. Those who have not time to work their own trimmings will find every style in abundance, wherever the materials themselves are to be had, and, generally, every dress is accompanied by the trimming which best suits it.

Never has fashion been so varied in materials and styles as at present, and never has it so much studied how to enhance female beauty by inventing costumes to suit every kind of beauty of face and form, and also of social position and pecuniary means.

Thus, for young girls, who cannot be too simply dressed, very pretty costumes are made of plain woollen materials, trimmed with bands of plush, instead of flounces or puffs. The jacket is of plush, or the body will be edged round with plush, with collar and sleeve cuffs of plush. Or, if the body be gathered, then a Swiss belt of plush will accompany it; but this must be perfectly made, with a seam in front, and a seam at the back, and whalebones all round.

For evening, a young girl will wear a white nun's veiling dress with a plaited skirt, trimmed round with double ruchings and a second skirt, from the waist, also edged round with a ruche, which will be gathered up in puffs over the hips, and form a third puff at the back. The body, made in Greek cross draperies, will be gathered round the waist by a watered silk Swiss belt. The hair will be thrown back in waves, and form two curls at the back, held together with a clasp, or a bow of ribbon, or even a comb of flowers.

Cloth skirts may be crossed with silk scarves or plush scarves, and have the jacket to match. The hem of the plaited skirt will also be bound with silk or plush to match. Fur may be used in the same way; but, for young people, plush or silk is better.

Cashmere, the classic cashmere, will be worn as much as ever, especially by ladies who do not care to change fashions; and cashmere is always lady-like, even when not quite the pink of fashion. Indian cashmere is most elegant and costly, but lasts twice as long as ordinary cashmere.

Fireside Chat.

INDOOR DECORATIONS.

BULB buyers, whether on a large or small scale, should be as early as possible in the market after the arrival of the early autumn supplies and before the germs have developed too much in dry packing, which will pale and enfeeble the blossoms, no matter how careful the storage.

In well-ordered selections the earliest arrivals are specified, which should be carefully considered by the buyer in arranging for successions.

Buyers on a small scale must be doubly careful to make a good choice and secure first-class bulbs, as sameness of color, weak or forked bloomers, and other disappointments, are not as fatal when numbers can be massed to make up for individual failure.

Glasses for hyacinths should be filled with clean rain-water free from animal or vegitable deposit, and a small quantity of charcoal added to keep the water pure. The bulb then, without removing any of the outer skins, should be placed so as barely to touch the surface of the water. More successful than this mode is to fill the grasses with cocoa fibre and charcoal almost to the top, and saturate with this moist surface, and tie a brown paper cover with a slit for the shoot over the top of the glass; keep in a warm place or in the sun till the bulb is well rooted, and replace the paper then with a cover of fresh green moss.

Glasses with deep neck rims are most to be recommended for this mode, as they afford more protection and covering room to the bulb, and afterwards keep the often top-heavy flower truss steadier, or afford a means of fixing a support.

Glasses with low neck rims are improved by using the old-fashioned glass candle drop dishes as cups to receive the bulb.

Turned wood or tin dishes can also be used, and covered with moss as soon as the bulb is forward enough.

For decorative purposes, to fill fancy pots, china bowls, crystal dishes, jardinettes, and other rustic or artistic contrivances, all bulbs or clumps are best grown in thin shell pots, pans, or other suitably shaped ordinary receptacles, which, if the bloom succeeds, can then be put in these ornamental coverings.

For hyacinths, the deep narrow pots made for the purpose are much to be preferred to the ordinary flower-pot, as taking less room to pack into jardinettes, the diameter at the top being wide enough to place three bulbs, and the depth accommodating the long roots unhindered.

The favorite miniature hyacinths, without which no flower-stand, bouquet, or table decoration is complete now, can be grown well in all manner of old-fashioned glass-ware; high narrow tumblers, pickle, jam, or finger glasses, high old-fashioned stem salad bowls, deep glass dishes, and a variety of other discarded table paraphernalia, may be filled with fibre or fine potting soil, and planted with pompon hyacinths, crocus snowdrops, tulips, dwarf narcissus, the lovely varieties of Cyclamen persicum or hepatica.

Where forcing stove-houses, pits, or frames are not available to bring forward the winter bloom of bulbs, a sunny window shelf, or common box filled with tan refuse and covered over with a sheet of window glass, can easily be arranged.

A double window is excellent for bulbs, seeds, and plants, and a perfect winter garden can be secured with little trouble and outlay.

A south or south-east aspect is the best; and if plants are objected to in a room, a lobby, hall, or staircase window can be made both warm and ornamental by this means.

A deep window sill is of course preferable and if such does not exist the defect can be supplemented by advancing a bottom board and side frame into the room.

Otherwise it only requires the fixing of a second set of sashes, arranged to open as well as the outside ones if necessary for ventilating purposes.

A casing of tin filled with tan is advisable as the window sill and framework are thereby protected from dirt or damp. This casing can only be filled with fibre or potting soil, and receive the bulbs or plants directly. If the window is large enough, spider shelves can be used for tiers of pots, pans, &c., and hanging baskets suspended from hooks at the top.

All plants grow in such window frames must, as soon as advanced be regularly turned, as the crowns otherwise will grow leaning to one side, from the light and sun attraction.

Dwarf tulips are best grown together, three bulbs in 6in. pots in fine soil or fibre. As tulips are often of irregular size, though the bulbs may be uniform when planted, it is a good plan to bring forward a number in large pans, and prick out with a round trowel, the largest plants for single pot bloom, missing the smaller in pots or pans for Jardinettes.

Ornamental tile boxes, or square terra cotta once hand-painted, seem the most characteristic receptacles for that eminently Dutch flower, the tulip.

Amongst dwarf first early varieties of Van Thol tulips are found the very finest crimson, vermillion, scarlet, bright rose, double red and yellow bloomers for this purpose.

A supply of tuberoses, in great request for decorations and bouquets, can be obtained by good management nearly all the year round. Rich mould with plenty of sand admixture is the best soil, and plunging in moderate hotbeds the best means of advancing early bloom.

The Pearl, a beautiful dwarf variety, is specially adapted for this purpose.

Careful potting and drainage and regular watering, with, if possible, rain water, are indispensable for indoor cultivation.

Clumps of hepatica and anemones must, however, not be overwatered.

Forced clumps of lily of the valley, grown in fibre in boxes or troughs resting on hot water-pipes, must also be sparingly watered when once in bloom.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has 1,332 students in its several departments.

Correspondence.

THEODORE W., (Shenandoah, Pa.)—The Welsh emblem is the leek, and is said to have been adopted as such in the year 519.

LEMON, (Red River,)—We think, but are not sure, that it came on a Monday. 2. We have no need of anything of the kind at present.

SUSIE.—We have tried hard but can make nothing out of your letter. Write again plainly, and with more regard to punctuation and spelling.

W. H. A., (Lake City, Col.)—Catafalque is pronounced as though the syllable "falque" was written "falk," giving the "a" the short sound as in "and."

UNDINE, (Cass, Dak.)—Be civil and agreeable to the young man, and you will soon regain his attention. You need not tell him that you are fast falling in love with him; he will find that out for himself.

H., (Rockford, Va.)—This correspondent wishes to know where the lines—

"I cast my heart into your lap
Without a moment's wooing,"

can be found. Can any of our readers tell him?

ANXIETY, (Pulaski, Mo.)—It does honor both to your head and heart to feel as you do for your young friend. But you must impress upon her that to fret herself into sickness will only make matters worse. Plain living, plenty of exercise, and time will do doubt put everything right with her.

DEAL, (Montgomery, Pa.)—You should take your parents into your confidence at once. When the young men speak of your "going away with them in the spring," they of course mean on a wedding trip. Their bashfulness probably leads them to offer you their hearts and hands in that vague way.

SMILAX, (Memphis, Tenn.)—The raising of the hat under such circumstances is not expected, and we do not know that it is necessary. To do it would perhaps be well received by both ladies, and then it might not. One thing is certain there would be no breach of etiquette by omitting it and you would be on the safe side.

A. B. G., (Morgan, Md.)—It depends on the relation the young gentleman stands to the young lady, whether he is a caller, an ardent, or an accepted suitor, or her betrothed. Until we know this, as well as the young gentleman's tastes, and his social status, it would be useless for us to attempt to answer your question.

TOMPKINS, (Utica, N. Y.)—We think you are mistaken. Though it cannot be denied that manners and behavior are matters to a great extent of education and association, yet a gentle nature will commonly express itself in gentle ways. It is true, however, that loud and boisterous persons are often sensitive, in the sense of thin-skinned—easily offended.

ALEXANDER G., (Effingham, Ill.)—In writing to anyone you put a capital to the word "Sir." Much more—if the capital letter implies respect in the writer, and dignity in the person addressed—ought there not to be a capital to "Mother" in the opening of a letter? For who can mark with emphasis enough the love, gratitude and veneration due to a good mother?

MINNIE, (La Fayette, Pa.)—You can finish love-letters in a hundred ways. The safest course is to employ only such epithets as will bear to be read by a third party. Say "Yours affectionately," or "Yours devotedly," if you really have an affection for, or are devoted to, the person to whom you are writing; if not, use even milder expressions. Make it a rule in your love-correspondence never to say what you do not feel. Lover's letters, like chickens, sometimes come home to roost.

READER, (Mason, Va.)—You ask a definition of the phrase, "a correct artistic taste." Correct taste in art is the ability to discover what is and what is not true to nature. The beautiful appearances of the earth and heavens, the regular changes of the seasons, the succession of day and night, fill the heart of him who is influenced by it with rapture. The nearer works of art approach the perfection of nature, the more consonant they are with good taste, and they command lasting and universal admiration.

FAITHFUL OBSERVER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We beg leave to differ with you. An object a foot in length and depth in all its line measurements is a cubic foot. A foot square and a square foot as generally understood are the same. Mechanics for mechanical purposes may make a distinction, but particularly there is none. As language is judged by its general and universal, not special and limited applications, you will observe that your position is wrong. Any arithmetic will show you the difference between a square foot and a cubic foot. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

P. G. I., (Gaffney, S. C.)—Lovers are not expected to behave like reasonable people, and it must be said that they seldom disappoint expectation. We think the young man has a right to speak to his sweetheart at a circus if he is disposed. The eye and smile business, however, should be deferred to another time as it is apt to give other spectators a show additional to the circus, in which the sufferers are wont to be the clowns. If the parties are engaged we think it both lawful and natural that there should be the usual sealing of the bargain. A girl who would refuse to kiss or be kissed under such circumstances is certainly not very deeply in love. 2. Your other question we do not understand.

VICTIM, (Lincoln, Ky.)—Many men suffer like yourself the most excruciating tortures from being unable like yourself to steep their senses in sleep. We do not know of any effectual cure for it. Moreover, to insomnia more than in anything else, what gives relief to one is frequently found to aggravate the disorder in another. Change, for example, is efficacious in some instances, but not at other times. Regular and temperate habits are the best promoters of sleep known to us. They greatly help the performance of the initial act, and a cultivation of the habit of going to sleep in a particular way, at a particular time, will do more to procure regular and healthy sleep than any other artifice. The formation of the habit is, in fact, the creation or development of a special centre, or combination, in the nervous system, which will henceforward produce sleep as a natural rhythmical process. If this were more recognized, persons who suffer from sleeplessness of the sort which consists in simply being "unable to go to sleep," would set themselves resolutely to form such a habit. It is necessary that the training should be explicit, and include attention to details. It is not very important what a person does with the intention of going to sleep, but he should do precisely the same thing, in the same way, at the same time, until the habit is established.